

TORONTO'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 7, No. 7 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors.
Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, JANUARY 6, 1894.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. } Whole No. 319

Around Town.

When a brand-new year spreads itself out before one I imagine there is a tendency in us all to wonder what we will do with it; not in the way of resolutions of course, because we know what we do with them—break them. Even the wonderment of the thing dies out after we get past the period of intruding upon people we know in pursuit of the odiously stupid thing, the New Year's call. There is very little left for wonder in the matter of what we will do with the new year—most of us will waste it just as we did the old one, only a little more so perhaps. As to-day is a repetition of yesterday and to-morrow will be so much like to-day that we can hardly tell them apart, so one year is apt to be a twin of the last. With increasing years there comes a weariness of the old things and a desire for something new, which of course is never satisfied. Even if travel be undertaken as a relief from monotony, there is the same packing up, the same noisy train, the same roly-poly steamer, the same confounded hotel with the many dishes of the *table d'hôte* all tasting alike; the same stranger with whom it is hard to become acquainted, and the probable regret that any effort was made after one does establish traveling relations. About the only thing that makes life interesting is an ambition to acquire something which one is perhaps unfit to have, or to be something which one is unfit to be. If by any possibility the coveted thing or place be obtained, the disagreeable revelation of unfitness as a rule does not come to the possessor of it only, but to a large number of candid people who mention the matter. This of course tends to break the monotony and sentimentalists might say, the heart.

I refer in this general manner to time and its monotonous unchangingness because so many people talk about good times and hard times. As a matter of fact there is only one Time, and it is a very great mistake to imagine that he changes his attitude towards such ephemeral creatures as we are. What we call good times is a period during which certain numbers of people get more than their share, and not knowing what to do with it acquire extravagant habits, a vast amount of conceit and a general hoggishness which does not make them either attractive or happy. These alleged good times in one locality are the result of so-called hard times somewhere else. We make an unnecessary fuss when it comes our turn to get the worst of it. There is no such thing as hard times. What is so called is merely a period when the hard places in ourselves get bumped up against the earth or against the hard spots in other people. The misery of the situation must be the discovery that these spots are so very hard and so mighty numerous—in other people. If we want a little extension of time or to borrow a little money, then it is refused because times are hard; that is to say, because the people who could grant us favors are hard. And are they ever soft except when we occupy a position to return the favor with interest?

How the conditions which we call hard times change! And I think if we paid some attention to this phase of it we would less frequently sit down in bitterness of spirit to compute our losses and bewail the hardness of our surroundings. Particularly foolish is the idea of kicking ourselves because we were not smart enough to have avoided this catastrophe or that disaster. Being too confoundedly wise does not bring happiness, for our fool-experiences are the oasis in the dreary desert of monotony. The wisest man is the one who said it is "all vanity and vexation of spirit." As the rest of us get older and wiser we see the truth of this. It is when we are young and lacking in worldly wisdom that we have our good times, and I can remember when having two pairs of suspenders represented comparative affluence even when there were only two pairs of trowsers, the Sunday ones and the everyday ones. Not to have to change the suspenders from one to the other it seemed to me was the first taste of plenty, of the possession of something that I did not absolutely need, that I ever had, and it was very pleasing. Now the possession of two dozen pairs of trowsers and suspenders would not help me out a bit. The trouble is mostly in getting to think that we must have something that we do not really need—fine houses, fine carriages and that fine experience of many people anxious to help us when we do not need it. It is much safer to recognize the fact that if the world owes us a living—and even this is in dispute—we cannot successfully sue fate and get the very best living that is in sight. If the world owes us a living and is such slow pay that we have to help ourselves, we will find there is nothing left within reach that is very luxurious. I imagine the Bohemian, however, is nearest right because he is nearer a state of naturalness than the man who has too much to-day and saves some of it for tomorrow. Like a child, the Bohemian believes that he is possessed of something in excess of his necessities and had better use it up for fear he loses it. His troubles are only the troubles of a child, who would rather have cold than put away an ounce of the pound of candy in hand. Our childish and Bohemian troubles are nothing as compared with the troubles of trying to get and trying to keep, and trying to seem and trying to be.

Where is the philosophic mean between the extremes? To some people being in jail represents absolute contentment and freedom from temptation and care. To many there is no luxury so sweet as being so poor that nobody

under any circumstances can make them any poorer. I have seen people in a church so irresistibly, conspicuously poor that the sidesmen would not trust them to pass the collection plate, and yet they enjoyed the sermon and the spirituality of the service better than the rich. The poor have very few drafts made upon them. As a matter of fact more than half of the people of the world are so poor that they are never even asked for sympathy, and that lets them out of one of the most draining things imaginable.

Talking about being in jail representing good times to some people, isn't it a fact that the ultra-good entertainments much the same idea in a moral and social way? Isn't this notion the parent of prohibition and blue sabbatarianism, and all that ever increasing list of "isms" which are supposed to tend towards making it inconvenient or impossible for us to do

hibition of nearly a hundred thousand—already most of it has been found. Even if it be so in a population of nearly two millions in Ontario, almost evenly divided, where it will mean that nine are not in favor of prohibition to eleven who are, will the majority be great enough to rule such a powerful minority? That is to say, will eleven men who are not very much interested be able to figuratively jail the nine men who are very much interested in what they esteem to be their liberty? Will they be able to keep them in jail if they get them there? This seems to me to be the whole size of it. Then again the women voters, who were supposed to be burningly anxious for prohibition, came out in very small numbers and in Toronto twenty-eight per cent. of those who voted were opposed to it. Hitherto it was always supposed that the women all thought one way in this matter, yet less than one in five took the trouble to ex-

such an extraordinary majority I feel like apologizing to myself for having doubted his fitness for the position. Ordinarily under these circumstances one can find a personal reason for being a doubting Thomas—not references to the Rev. Dr. of that name—but on the contrary I have always had a high regard for Mr. Kennedy, and amongst the younger generation in Toronto there are no more popular men than Mr. Kennedy's sons. They are bright business men too, and I hope it will be taken as it is meant when I say that a couple of thousand votes at least were polled on account of the younger Kennedys. It is sometimes an unaccountable thing how a notion gets in one's head, and I do not know a better example of this notion than that which almost kept me from voting last Monday. I looked at the mayoralty ballot paper and wondered whether I ought to intrude even a mark in what seemed to me more

papers. Everyone knew that the same paper was perfectly aware of all the facts a year ago when it defended Mr. Fleming; everybody who knew anything about municipal affairs thoroughly understands to-day that Mr. Fleming was convicted more for last year's sins than for anything he did this year. The papers that supported him last year and those that supported him this year, if they did not know the facts twelve months ago did not know what every ordinary citizen knew, yet they defended him and were believed. Some of them defended him again and were not believed; others who defended him last year were his chief accusers this year and showed what versatile advocates they are by using the information given them a year ago for his defence in order to convict him last Monday. This may be journalism; running with popularity may be the way to success; swearing to the untruth of charges one year and affirming them with the beastly candor of a fishwife the next year, may excite confidence and respect, but it seems to me no greater proof could be found of the degradation of the newspapers that see no higher ideal than being with the winner and fawning upon the elements which contribute to momentary success.

However, this is only a side light. What started the avalanche? No newspaper did it, no combination of newspapers did it. Seventeen and a quarter mills taxation loosened the glacier; disappointment, contempt, anything for a change added momentum to the great force which swept everything before it. One thing is evident, the charges against Mr. Fleming were believed. Allowing due discount on the violence of the newspapers which desired Mayor Fleming's defeat, I think it was made evident to everybody that he is not now regarded as a truthful man. I believe it was generally believed that he had been untruthful, and if a community can be convinced that a man's word is no good the proof of a dozen other virtues is unlikely to save him.

It must be remembered that the campaign was largely a disproof of Mayor Fleming's virtues as alleged by the *Globe*, *Telegram* and *Star*, rather than a distinctive argument in favor of Mayor-elect Kennedy. The latter was wise enough to make no promises, to show no preferences, to declare for no particular policy, and the consequence is that a wave of popular disapproval of Mayor Fleming, dissatisfaction with the tax rate, hopelessness with regard to reducing the burden, effected a combination which was irresistible.

Already Mayor-elect Kennedy's evening advocate has begun to tender him advice as to how he shall conduct the business of his office. It is to be hoped that the election has not simply transferred the seat of power from one evening newspaper office to another. Mr. Kennedy by his policy, or lack of policy, has convinced me that he is a great deal cleverer than many of his critics, and I imagine that the newspaper in question will have some difficulty in managing him as it evidently intends to manage him. The city has grown tired of newspaper dictation in mayoralty affairs. The enormous majority is sufficient to convince the Mayor-elect that no newspaper did it, that he is placed in a position of the greatest responsibility by a wave of public opinion which was born in no office, amidst no clique, and he should conduct himself accordingly. I have not the slightest doubt that every newspaper in the town will support him, and if public opinion is worth anything he is worthy of their support. Free-handed and foot-loose, he starts in with a majority such as was never before given to any man in Toronto. It should be the policy of those who write for newspapers, who disagree with his policy, to privately address themselves to him and not to the general public. If what he does or threatens to do is unsatisfactory, every man who has Toronto's interests at heart should write to Mayor Kennedy and state his views; and not rush into print and herald our discomfiture to the whole country. It is the duty of everybody to assist in the task of re-organizing our affairs. I think it would be the meanest and most unprofitable task a newspaper man could engage in to begin criticizing and nagging. There are many means of approaching a man even in the exalted position to which Mr. Kennedy has been elected, without washing any dirty linen in public. The majority is sufficient to make everyone of us who write and the proprietor of every newspaper that is published, adopt a quiet and inoffensive attitude towards a man who has shown such marvelous evidences of public esteem, or whatever Monday's vote may imply. Only when Mayor Kennedy refuses to listen to the protests of those who are really interested in good government should any criticisms be made public. I reiterate that this city is tired of newspaper domination of the offices of mayor and alderman.

The overwhelming success achieved by mayoralty candidates who directly or indirectly were nominated and supported by the P. P. A. must convince politicians and publicists of all sorts that they are a power which must be reckoned with. In Toronto they doubtless contributed to the change, but in Hamilton and Brantford there is no uncertainty as to what they did. Criticize this movement as we may, call it fanatical if we please, we must recognize its strength. No matter how objectionable a society may be considered by those who suffer from its efforts, even those who may not entirely agree with its aims or methods must acknowledge that nothing of such rapid growth and such unity of purpose could come into



SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

wrong? To the man in jail who is well fed, comfortably lodged and warmly clad, what is lacking but liberty? And what is liberty but the possibility of doing wrong or of doing what seems to be right even though others may think it wrong? The vote on the plebiscite seems to me to indicate that being in jail is the growing ideal of happiness. Fortunately people are growing philosophical and will doubtless discover such daily amusements as will make the passage of time in jail life tolerable, and looking forward to the period of release from such confinement will make life less attractive and death a little more welcome, which appears to be thoroughly in line with puritanical sentiment. Nor is such sentiment less reasonable or even less general than the careless hopelessness of those who go to the other extreme, and having drained the cup of pleasure look for death as the only possible way of putting out the fire which has ceased to represent passion, ambition, or anything desirable. Between these two extremes there ought to be some middle place, but both the prohibitionist and the votary of pleasure say nay, and they seem to rule the world and force the commonplace, everyday sense of the community into what seems a very absurd corner.

In a great many respects Monday's mayoralty election was an interesting episode. I must confess that when Mr. Warring Kennedy was requested to run it struck me that he had been selected not so much because he would be a strong mayor as because he would be a strong candidate. Now that he has been elected by

press an opinion, and less than three out of four who did so were anxious for the change.

It seems to me the result of the voting demonstrates the fact that we must restrain the individual, not the entire community. This would be more in harmony with our system of restraint, insomuch as we do not put everybody in jail for fear they will steal, but only those who are convicted of stealing. The plan that I have been insisting upon for years is doubtless the best one, of providing Government work for all the mildly vicious, the vagrants, the drunkards, and those who are incapable of taking care of themselves. At best we would not have to take care of a very large percentage of the population, and the work done would be not only useful to the community but would force the improvident, the morally weak, to not only take care of themselves but provide under Government supervision for their families.

During the last few days of the campaign Mr. Kennedy's evening organ ripped Mr. Fleming up the back and rubbed salt in the wounds in a manner which astonished even those citizens who have grown accustomed to the anti-election virulence of certain news-

The *Globe* predicts a majority in favor of pro-

existence without an excuse of some sort. I cannot be made to believe that there are enough men in Ontario to constitute the P.P.A. who are narrow enough to object to any Roman Catholic as a private citizen, as a neighbor or as an elector. We all know thoroughly well that the mere difference of creed cannot ever be made to bar a man out of our affections if he is kindly, accommodating, honorable and patriotic. That our Roman Catholic fellow citizens have all these virtues is known to us all. As citizens, as neighbors, as officials, they are as honest and patriotic as any of us. Then what has created this movement? I repeat that it is not any possible objection to the Roman Catholic as an individual. For twelve years I have been asserting that continual interference by the ecclesiastics in politics would finally result in a revolt against Separate schools and against Roman Catholic influence. For this the laity cannot be blamed; they are powerless because they do not elect their clergymen and have no right to protest against their utterances. That Separate schools and ecclesiasticism have become an issue in Ontario is not the fault of the individual Catholic but of the Hierarchy. Such things may not be faults, they may be very great virtues, but it is not what is true in politics, but what people may be made believe is true that influences elections and controls the imaginations, impulses and conduct of those who have banded themselves together under the name of the P.P.A.

I have not been slow to state that Methodism, Presbyterianism, sabbatarianism, and many other religious "isms" have of late been obtruding themselves into the field of politics, nor am I afraid to prophesy that they will yet be as distinctly rebuked as the alleged cohesiveness of Roman Catholics is likely to be rebuked during the period when the P.P.A. shall by means of the enthusiasm of its members hold a certain balance of power in our politics. To my mind the one is as great a danger to the community as the other; that is to say, the united Methodist body would be as insatiable in its desires, as domineering in its place of power as the Anglicans once were, as the Roman Catholics once were, and as the P.P.A.'s are likely to be. There is nothing for the community to do but to watch with resignation the effort of the P.P.A. to neutralize that of Roman Catholicism. Later on we may see the unbeautiful sight of an organization tending to destroy the political power of Methodism, and possibly after that a united movement to prevent sectarians of any class from forcing their wishes upon and exacting their demands from a government. All these movements have their day, and though we may not admire the methods we must admit that they must have their effect. Those of us who have been dubbed bigots, atheists and idolators because we have insisted that all these sectarian strife should be banished from politics, cannot be accused of any complicity in these movements and counter-movements, in these conspiracies and counter-conspiracies, and these waves and ebullitions. They have their birth in the fact that sectarianism rather than citizenship is recognized and holds the balance of power. After they have fought it out will come a period of peace; the impossible will not be aimed at by the clergy of any denomination, and the impropriety of such efforts will have been made plain to the citizen by the fact that one organization breeds another, and that where there is a blast there will be a counterblast.

Our distinguished Premier, Sir Oliver Mowat, must be shivering between the sheets these nights. He may have only been just to our Catholic friends and neighbors in the allotment of offices, but the rule of his justice has not been that there should be no sectarianism. This is the gravamen of the charge against him. I think the publication of the list of appointed officials proves conclusively that he has given undue prominence to Roman Catholics; in fact, I do not see that they have had their share, if it be a question of sharing between denominations. In this respect his case has been clearly shown to be good. Where he is weak is that he has recognized sectarianism at all, that he has conformed to what is evidently a mistaken idea that any sect has a right to be recognized as such. He may have been just, and more than just, to his Protestant supporters, and still it is true that he has pandered to sectarianism, that his long lease of power has been purchased at the expense of the principle that citizenship is without sect. When his time comes, and that will be on the date of the next Provincial elections, Sir Oliver Mowat's cabinet will be wiped off the slate. It is not necessary for any writer to justify the organization that does it, nor to hide his satisfaction that it has been done, or is likely to be done. Sir Oliver has maintained himself in power by using unjustifiable means. It seemed to have become evident that he could not be displaced or the evils of which he is the prophet cannot be done away with without an arbitrary organization of some sort, and presto! it sprang into being. Not one of those who hope to see him displaced would be willing to see the country everlastingdominated by a factional and unneighborly combination. Yet such a combination is not out of line with those coalitions and alliances which have before now reorganized the world. For these reasons I imagine that it would be unwise for us to too hastily condemn or to prematurely adopt the principles set forth by a body of men who are doubtless conscientious even if they are mistaken.

Again I hear loud clamors for Mr. W. R. Meredith to come out and declare himself. If he were to yield to this sort of clamor I would esteem him a weaker man than he is. We cannot but despise the public man who hastily puts up his sails to catch the strength of the passing breeze. If his record is such—and I believe it to be such—as to ensure the support of those who are opposed to sectarianism in politics, let him stand fast and be judged by it. Those who ask him to make an announcement are unreasonable; they mis-judge the man. He has been in public life for years enough to have his record known, and to make any poppycock speeches now would be to disturb the reasonable elector. We all despise the promiscuous promiser and

we have every reason to distrust those who are continually holding their hands aloft to find out which way the wind is blowing. No doubt he might create great excitement amongst the P.P.A.'s were he to come out and announce himself as a supporter of their principles. Obviously this is not his place. He has said nothing, and I am of the opinion that he will say nothing either for or against. If they approve of what he has done they should support him; if he has proven himself to be a man who can be safely entrusted, from their point of view, with provincial power, they will support him. If not, they may support somebody else, and W. R. Meredith will never enter into argument with them. How grand a thing it is to see a man whose record is clear-cut enough to be free from the necessity of making petty declarations and issuing manifestos! There have been too many public men in Canada who have lived on promises and filled the people with windy assurances of their regard for this and their dislike of that. This is not an hour for catch-penny utterances; let deeds, not words, speak.

Our City Council is not worse than last year. I believe such an organization of those who propose to reduce the taxes and curtail the waste will be effected, and if so a quarter of a million dollars at least will be saved. I hope this may happen.

Social and Personal

On New Year's Day the city was alive with parties of callers, carriages bearing fair dames to and from service, and later on in the day to teas and dinners without number. A good deal of calling was done on the west side, though several hostesses preferred not to receive. Several of the stately houses were open however, and New Year's good wishes were plentifully bestowed on their hospitable inmates. The usual reception at Government House was very largely attended, about seven hundred callers being present. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, with Commander Law and the usual house party, welcomed the callers, who were largely re-inforced from the military men, both of the regular and volunteer forces. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a charming gown of fawn, relieved with pale blue. Among the callers were most of the officers of the Queen's Own, Grenadiers and 48th Highlanders, while from Stanley Barracks came Colonel Otter, Major Buchan, Captain Lessard, Mr. Laurie, Mr. McLean of Penncross, Mr. Forrester and others. Lieutenant-Colonel Gravely was also among the callers, as were Canon D'Amour, Dr. Montizambert, Canon Cayley, Judge MacMahon, Prof. Clark, Principal Parsons, Kerr, Oliver, Osborne, Crooks, Patterson, Murdoch, Cassels, Macdougall, Somerville, King, Stone, Pellatt, J. Herbert Mason Mortimer Clark, Eby, Dr. Wishart, Ince, Kingsmill, Northcote, Grasett, Baldwin, Dr. Harley Smith, Dickson, Walter Dickson, A. W. Morphy, McMurrich, Muir, Brooke, Stanton, Benedict, L. McMurray, Leighton Mc Carthy, Walter S. Lee, Ridout, Hamilton, W. H. Goodeham, J. H. Plummer and W. R. Strickland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. G. Whitney gave a lovely family dinner on Christmas Day. Mrs. and Miss Whitney, who have been visiting them for some weeks, spent a week or more in Lindsay and have now returned to Toronto.

The dance at Stanley Barracks on Friday of last week was everything that is charming. Colonel and Mrs. Otter and the officers certainly have mastered the gentle art of entertaining. Everything that can be done to make for jollity they do, with a *erve* and goodwill which is lacking in many a host and hostess who live outside the sound of the bugle call. It is a crucial test to brave the verdict of one's women friends, and, in the case of this hostess, as in that of several of the same set, also a signal triumph. The verdict is unanimous, as it should be, and invitations to the Fort festivities are of acceptance. The Government House party, in brave array, with most that is smart in social circles, were the guests. The floor, than which there is no smoother in Toronto, was as usual and the supper a holiday feast.

Miss Kate C. Strong, who recently went to New York for voice culture, was married on Wednesday last to Mr. G. McIntyre, a Canadian wooper. The wedding took place at the residence of Miss Dana, on Fifth avenue, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. F. K. O'Connor, S.J. Thus has one more songbird been snared by Cupid and caged by Hymen, amid the congratulations of friends far and near.

A bright and engaging visitor who has been spending holiday time in Toronto with relatives on the east side, is Miss Bessie McLeary of Chicago.

On New Year's morning a number of people dropped in at the new Athletic Club and were courteously shown over the magnificent building by Captain Greville Harston. This completely equipped and elegant pile is the pride of its directors and will undoubtedly give a higher standing to club management and athletics than has hitherto been attained in Toronto. The beautiful baths, with the latest and most sumptuous fittings, and a space which exceeds even the well known Manhattan Club, should be the leading attraction. The plunge bath is immense, and the marble floors, shower baths, reclining rooms, Turkish baths, and every possible and modern facility occupy the lower floor in a most enticing succession. On the floor above, an ideal billiard hall, with small billiard rooms at north and south end, which are raised several steps above the main floor, and the small waiting room, secretary's office and ladies' quarters take up the space.

A word about the cosy corner dedicated to the fair clubwoman, who, by the way, has the exclusive use of the swimming and other baths two days a week. The little tea-room, with its southern windows and pretty open grate, its large veranda and its cheval glasses, its beautifully fitted toilet rooms and its seclusion with private entrance from the lawn, evokes dreams of cosy gossip and five o'clock tea. In

this progressive age the clubwoman is as *connue* as the club man. The care of house-keeping bear heavily on many delicate nerves and shoulders, and the quiet, care-free corner at the club is often an indescribable blessing and comfort. There is a popular delusion that my lady in her boudoir is at rest when she so wills, but my lady's experience, except in rare cases, does not support this idea. At her club she is free from the domestic worries, and if she so wills it, free from the telephone. Ah, the telephone, which interrupts repose fifty times a day, and sometimes even makes impatient the sweetest-tempered lady in the land. I have heard the comments of several of our best people on the notion of the ladies' tea-room at the Athletic, and voices are unanimous in its favor.

In New York the natatorial art is popular among women, and fencing has been and is a fad well supported. The Toronto girl who has shivered and squeaked at the ocean rollers or waded timorously in picturesquely Muskoka, may learn the delights of swimming before the summer comes again and disport herself in salt Atlantic or iron-flavored Rousseau to the envy of her less knowing sisters. Some of our Toronto girls have saved more than one life already by their skill in this useful and healthful act.

By the way, a number of Toronto ladies are well known experts natatorially, notably a bright-faced maiden whose clever work in another field is bringing her into pleasant notoriety. In connection with which lady I recall a very funny incident of Island life. While the sports were in progress my heroine happened to upset her canoe. The spectators watched with interest, but no one offered to spoil a suit of summer togs by going to the fair lady's assistance, knowing it was quite unnecessary. A gallant city man to whom the Venus was unknown, after a moment of rueful hesitation and a sigh for an immaculate get-up, plunged into the lagoon. Up came the lady with a broad smile at her mishap, and up came the exquisite very wet and very disgusted, as one may suppose! Who helped who to shore I forget, but a great laugh was the portion of the onlookers.

Mr. Charles Smallpiece of Avenue road and Mr. Bert Tinning attended the Bachelors' Ball at Port Hope on New Year's night.

Mrs. W. A. Wilcox of Marlborough avenue is enjoying a six weeks' visit among her friends in Picton, Ont., during the absence of Mr. Wilcox in New York.

Miss Gibbs of Clinton street has gone to visit her sister, Mrs. J. D. Dew, in Guelph.

Mrs. Gzowski gives a young people's tea for her daughter, Miss Helen Gzowski, this afternoon. Miss Gzowski's tall and graceful奔ette beauty is a pretty contrast to that *petite blonde*, who also made her *debut* this season.

Miss McNee of Kingston is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Granville C. Cunningham, wife of the ex City Engineer, has been the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Dawson for a short visit.

The *bal poudre* has for patrons the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen and the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, besides a fine list of society women who are always ready to help a good cause.

Miss Amy Mason, who has been on an extended visit to Mr. and Mrs. Maran, in British Columbia, is now visiting friends in Winnipeg.

Miss Eva N. Roblin, daughter of Mrs. Jennie Drewry, has been singing with great success at Mr. Heath-Mills' orchestral concerts in Prince's Hall, London. She received a most enthusiastic encore, and was engaged for the next concert for more than one song.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldie and family left on Wednesday for a trip up the Nile and through the East. The traveling party included Mr. and Mrs. Goldie, Miss and Miss Eleonore and Mr. Alex. R. Goldie.

Mrs. Joseph Beatty of Huron street gave a card party on Thursday evening.

A wedding which has interested many of the friends of the bride, whose family is one of the best known in the city, will take place on January 24.

Mrs. Aikens of 55 College street gave a small farewell tea for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Graham of Gerrard street, who leaves with Dr. Graham's sister, Miss Graham, for the continent shortly.

Miss Gordon of Simcoe has been visiting her cousin, Miss Susie Ellis. I believe she returns home to-day.

Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave a young people's dinner on New Year's night, followed by a carpet dance. The *raison d'être* of the festivity was the anniversary of her son's birth. Although Mr. Cawthra is at present in Europe, the kind home friends did due honor to the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Massey of Jarvis street entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Maurine Macfarlane of Jarvis street gave a most enjoyable dance New Year's night. Among those I noticed were: Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Dr. and Miss Capon, Mr. and Mrs. Jack King, the Misses King, Miss Rainie of Nashville, Tenn., Mr. T. Britt of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pringle, the Misses Taylor, Mr. C. McFaught, Miss Edna Carlyle, the Misses Lee, Mr. Harry Field and Miss Chophites.

Toronto was this week honored by a visit from the Queen's representative. Lord Aberdeen arrived in Toronto on Wednesday evening and attended the Board of Trade dinner on Thursday. Major General Herbert was also in the city on Wednesday.

Miss Cockrane of Rochester, an ever welcome visitor to Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. Bouclette Anderson.

Mr. Chas. Holcroft has accepted a position in the head office of the Canada Life Assurance Company, Hamilton. Mr. and Mrs. Holcroft

left for the Ambitious City last week and have taken up their residence at 153 Markland street.

Mr. Charles W. Small, who has been spending his holidays at his home, 705 Spadina avenue, returned to New York this week.

The French Club, Les Hiboux, met this evening at the residence of Mr. Catto, 188 Bloor street east.

Mrs. T. G. Bright gave a small afternoon tea last Wednesday, at which a bevy of young men and maidens enjoyed a yule-tide *tete-a-tete* mid evergreens and holly. Mrs. Bright was assisted by her sister, Miss Grand and Miss Farrell of Winnipeg.

Principal and Mrs. Dickson spent the holidays with friends in the East and returned to College this week.

Mrs. Oliver of Halifax, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Galt, has returned home after a visit to her friends here. Lady Galt has been quite an invalid during the holidays, presumably a victim of la grippe.

Miss Beardmore's wedding, which takes place at St. James' at two o'clock to-day, has been a subject of much interesting anticipatory chatter. Pity 'tis that its result will be to remove so much appreciated a member of Toronto society to the Royal City on the St. Lawrence.

A number of military cadets have spent the Christmas holidays with their home circles in Toronto. The gray caps and military overcoats with scarlet facings have been ubiquitous.

The Misses Christie gave a most enjoyable dance on Wednesday evening of last week for Major and Mrs. McCauley of Montreal. Among those present were: Major and Mrs. McCauley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Laud, (nee Leadley,) Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Lugdin, Mr. Amilius Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Will Brown, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Stevens, Miss Tennant of St. George street, Miss Bertie Whetherstone, Miss Anna Williams and Mr. B. Britt of Detroit.

The Athletic Club will be open for the inspection of shareholders to-day. It is probable that the formal housewarming will take the form of a smoking concert about January 15. There are also whispers of a post-Lenten ball.

Mrs. Kenneth Stewart gave a very pleasant afternoon tea on Friday last.

Mrs. Sprague gave a small and very select tea for Mrs. Cunningham during her visit to Mrs. Dawson. Mrs. Cunningham returned to Montreal on Tuesday.

Mrs. R. T. Gooderham of Sherbourne street gives an afternoon euchre party on Tuesday next. A very large party of ladies will be present.

Robert Mantell continues to interest large numbers of theater-goers, the audience, particularly on Wednesday, being decidedly good. On Wednesday evening some smart gowns and remarkably pretty women were in the stalls. Only one box party was to be seen, comprising Mrs. and the Misses Montizambert and a couple of cavaliers. I remarked that this party suffered considerable discomfort from the glare of the colored calcium lights thrown across the stage, which were sometimes blinding. These lights are effective, and when properly positioned quite an addition to the *mise en scene*, but the lime-light man should be careful to confine their radius to the proper place—the stage. A smart little theater-party, cavaliere by Mr. Laurie, and a number of smaller groups, lit up the rather dull expanse of hats and afternoon gowns.

That very kind and sweet-natured people may be thoughtless was shown on Tuesday afternoon when a merry driving party, including the very last people who would willingly wound anyone, swept past the funeral *cortege* of a much honored and popular young fellow, with an echo of laughter and merry words. It struck an indescribably jarring chord to those who were of the number of the mourners.

Miss Fennel of Berlin has been visiting friends on the east side. On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Richardson of Carlton street gave a pleasant evening. Among those present were: Mrs. and the Misses Steen, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Miss Fennel, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stewart, Prof. L. and Miss Grace Stewart.

Miss Gertrude E. Thompson, who has been visiting her sister at 189 Close avenue, Parkdale, left on Saturday by C.P.R. for Montreal to fill a position in Royal Victoria Hospital.

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For the Holiday Season we are making a special price on our famous Felice Glove—usual price \$1.50, selling at \$1.



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L. A. STACKHOUSE.

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King and Victoria Streets

TORONTO

Jan. 6, 1894

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3

Social and Personal.

The annual tour of the University of Toronto Glee Club, Banjo and Guitar Club and Mandolin Quartette was made this season through the eastern part of the province, Lindsay, Belleville, Brockville, Ottawa and Peterborough being the cities visited. The following officers and undergraduates made up the party: Musical Director, W. H. Robinson; Director Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club, George F. Smedley; President Glee Club, A. L. McAllister, '93; President Banjo and Guitar Club, Gilbert Royce, '94; Secretary and Business Manager, A. S. Mackay, '95; Irene Glee Club, J. T. Blythe, Glee Club: Richardson, Rolls, Coulthard, MacMillan, Little, Fielding, Murray, Barker, Moore, Moss, King, Campbell, Graham, J. Gilmour, Knox, Roxborough, Scott, Merkeley, McConnell, Dobie, Dockray, Young, Pease, Carpenter, Duncan, White, Burns, W. S. Mackay. A special car had been engaged for the week, and on December 18 the jolly company left en route for Lindsay, where the first concert of the series was given. The boys were exceptionally well treated wherever they went. At Lindsay A. F. Barr, '96, entertained a number of his fellow-students at his home. A small dance was also given for other members of the club at the house of Mrs. Sylvester. At Belleville Mrs. Corby gave an impromptu dance. At Brockville the boys were entertained to supper by Mrs. T. Gilmour at her beautiful residence, Riverside. The concert at Ottawa was perhaps the most successful on the tour. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen were present and expressed themselves as more than pleased at the various numbers presented, and personally complimented the president, Mr. McAllister, on the excellency of the programme rendered. At the close of the performance Lord Aberdeen addressed a few words to the students, thanking them for the pleasure they had afforded him and saying that he would look forward to seeing them again some time in the near future. Dr. and Mrs. Playter of Ottawa had all the boys at their residence and welcomed them to a hearty supper. At Peterborough Mrs. McWilliams also gave a supper to the members of the club. The Glee Club this year has reached a high stage of proficiency, under the able management of the musical director, Mr. W. H. Robinson, especially noticeable in the shading, attack and fine tonal effects produced in the large number of unaccompanied part songs. Mr. Robinson himself is the possessor of a pure, lyric tenor voice and sings with the greatest ease and expression. In all his solos he was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Knox has a splendid baritone voice. Mr. W. S. Mackay sings bass and has an exceptionally good voice. The Banjo and Guitar Club and Mandolin Quartette, under the direction of Mr. Geo. F. Smedley, scored an immense success, being heartily encored at each number. Mr. Smedley's solos on the mandolin, guitar and banjo were enthusiastically received, and stamped this gentleman as an artist of exceptional ability. While in Ottawa Lord and Lady Aberdeen asked for a repetition of some of the numbers and personally complimented Mr. Smedley on his playing and the excellence of the club's performance. Mr. Gilbert Royce, the president of the Banjo club, is a fine mandolin and guitar player, and much of the club's success is due to his energetic management and conscientious playing. The tour was in every way a grand success, and augurs well for the future history of the club, which at present holds a leading place among the many organizations of its kind in Canada.

The ball given under the auspices of the City Travelers on Friday evening of last week was a most gratifying success. The knights of the sample-case spared no pains to render their guests happy and comfortable, and they, in return, repaid the efforts of their hosts by enjoying to the utmost the pleasures of the occasion. The large assembly hall in the Confederation Life building never looked better, and the yards of loyalty strung from corner to corner of the lofty ceiling fluttered over as pretty a company of bright young Canadian women and gallant men as ever graced a dance. Commercial travelers carry ingratiating manners as part, and a very important part, of their business outfit, but with pleasure to the fore, and care behind them, they were models of assiduous attention and smiling gallantry. A large orchestra played excellently, and there was no lack of grace and vigor in the dances. Supper, profuse and tempting, was served at twelve o'clock. A number of very handsome dresses were worn, noticeably a delicate arrangement of crepon in faint blue, white and pink, with large hedge roses, by Miss Robertson; a very becoming gown of canary silk, by Mrs. Britton; a handsome black with gold embroidery, by Miss Wills; blush pink silk with frills of pink lace, by Miss Patterson of Agincourt, who is always a belle; a white silk, by handsome Miss Blong, and a black and yellow gown by Miss Grant. Mrs. Owens, wife of the president of the association, wore black silk and lace; Mrs. Fairbairn, wife of the vice-president, was in mustard yellow silk and velvet. The floor of the ballroom was as usual in very good order.

The annual dinner of "A" Company, Royal Grenadiers, was held at Webb's parlors on Thursday evening of last week and as usual was a delightful affair, a fine military spirit of fellowship pervading every breast. Capt. A. M. Irving and Lieut. J. G. Smith are the officers of "A" company and always aim to keep up the *esprit de corps*. The menu-card modestly set forth that "A" company had won the Cumberland Challenge Cup, the Aldwell Challenge Cup and the Non-Commissioned Officers' Challenge Cup. The menu was varied and prepared by an epicure. The quotations on the toast list were very apt and necessarily chosen for the most part from Rudyard Kipling, as for instance, "Wid yore lave we'll drink to the Ould Regiment—three fingers standin' up." Many very amusing speeches were delivered in response to the toasts and a jollier evening could not possibly have been spent. The committee having charge of the dinner were: Capt. Irving, Staff-Sergt. Bewley, Color-Sergt. Smith, Sergt. Anderson, Pte. Kirkland and Pte. White.

A smart and gay story is "A Third Person," just issued in the International series Canadian Copy-right Novels. It possesses all the vivacity and humor so characteristic of its author, Mrs. B. M. Crocker, and it offers the further excellence of strikingly funny situations. One to be told at John & E. McKenna's Booksellers, 80 Yonge St., near Queen King. This tale is one of clever devices and resourceful hits in plot and character, and it is as refreshing as the bright wit of a clever woman.

ON SALE TO-DAY

AT

JOHN P. MCKENNA'S
Publisher, Bookseller and Newsdealer
80 YONGE STREET
NEAR QUEEN KING.
Telephone 1511

A beautiful New Year's dinner was given to

ten guests by an ingenious hostess in the West End on Monday last. Twelve candelabra, of four branches each, with a large single light at the top and bottom of the board, represented the months and weeks. Each guest wore a motto suitable to the month they represented, and the center-piece of holly and similar spelled the legend 1894. The menu cards were daintily painted by the hostess, with flower or fruit in season during the month belonging to each.

A pretty Parkdale wedding, that of Mr. William C. Davis and Miss Esther Haney, took place on Wednesday of holiday week, at the residence of the bride's adopted mother, Mrs. Priestman of 2 Starr avenue. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Richard Harrison, D.D., of St. Matthias' church. Mr. R. A. Dickson, barrister, gave away the bride, who wore a wedding gown of white *faille* with veil and orange blossoms; the maid of honor was Miss Alice Priestman, in a frock of cream *crepon*, and the bridesmaid was Miss Hughes of Waterloo, prettily gowned in pink silk *crepe*. Mr. George Little was best man, and the bridal party was completed by Mr. Watson McLean, the bridesmaid's escort. A wedding breakfast, with excellent catering by Webb, followed the ceremony, during which an orchestra softly played. After congratulations, toasts and banquet Mr. and Mrs. Davis left at midnight for Chicago, the home of Mr. Davis, but I am told their intention is to spend the winter in the South. Miss Haney, who is a niece of the late Dr. Haney, M.P.P. for Perth, was a great favorite in the West End, and received shoals of lovely wedding gifts from her many friends.

The event of the season in Belleville was the ball given on Friday of last week in Oddfellows' Hall by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Corby. The occasion was the debut of the two eldest daughters of the house, who were elegantly gowned in white silk. Mrs. Corby, as she always does, looked the soul of geniality and brightness, and spared no effort to ensure the enjoyment of her guests, and, assisted as she was by her popular husband and her handsome daughters, the ball could not fail to be, what everyone agreed it was, an absolute success. The hall was very tastefully decorated, the floor in the pink of condition, the music good, and the nicely upholstered easy-chairs in the reception-room inviting to sitters-out. Specially noticeable among the dancers were: Mrs. George Stewart, in a cream colored gown; Miss Ethel Roberts, in a Worth dress of pale pink; Mrs. Waddington, in a handsome costume, with diamond ornaments; Miss Foster, in a gown greatly becoming her classic face and figure; Mrs. Biggar, Mrs. Hope, Miss Stinson, Miss Jessie Wilson, Miss Kathleen Bell, Mrs. Claude Armstrong, in her bride's dress; Miss Emerson, in pale blue; Miss Carman, in white, with black trimmings; Miss Lingham, in pale yellow; Mrs. (Dr.) Farley, Mrs. U. E. Thompson, Miss Thompson, the Misses Kelso, Miss Mabel Walker, in white dress trimmed with pale blue baby ribbon. The wee sma' hours were reached before the last waltz. A compound of Auld Lang Syne and Home, Sweet Home sounded through the ball-room and the merry-makers dispersed. Verily we of Belleville could stand many such dances.

London turned out in numbers on Saturday last to witness the marriage of one of London's prettiest girls, Miss Helen M. Edge, youngest daughter of Mr. W. T. Edge. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Richardson at the Memorial church, and the groom was Mr. Charles W. Peterson of Calgary, N.W.T., assistant superintendent of Dominion mines, and Consul in the North-West Territories for Norway and Sweden. The wedding was a very quiet one as far as invited guests were concerned, only about thirty partaking of the wedding breakfast. But the church was, nevertheless, filled with friends of the bride, than whom there are few more popular girls in London. Her sister, Miss Perle Edge, was her bridesmaid, while the groom was supported by Mr. George C. Gunn. Messrs. A. O. Graydon and Campbell Becher looked to the seating of the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson left at noon for Calgary via Toronto. During their preparations for departure the drivers of the groom's and bridesmaid's cars were enticed away to the regions where refreshments were being dispensed, and only returned in time to see the carriages containing the party being driven off by certain young men, friends of the bride. Great was the amusement created as these amateur charioteers piloted the cars through the principal streets, one car being gorgeously decorated with a string of old shoes trailing behind it.

Another date has been definitely fixed. The *bal poudre* will be held in the Pavilion on February 5, and while powdered hair is the rule, still it will not be compulsory. The ladies of the committee hope for a large and stylish attendance. As it will be probably the last dance before Lent, their hopes should be gratified.

Mrs. Blaikie of Bloor street west gave a

MRS. CROCKER'S NEW BOOK

Author of "Proper Pride," "Family Likeness," &c.

"A THIRD PERSON"

A smart and gay story is "A Third Person," just issued in the International series Canadian Copy-right Novels. It possesses all the vivacity and humor so characteristic of its author, Mrs. B. M. Crocker, and it offers the further excellence of strikingly funny situations. One to be told at John & E. McKenna's Booksellers, 80 Yonge St., near Queen King. This tale is one of clever devices and resourceful hits in plot and character, and it is as refreshing as the bright wit of a clever woman.

ON SALE TO-DAY

AT

JOHN P. MCKENNA'S
Publisher, Bookseller and Newsdealer
80 YONGE STREET
NEAR QUEEN KING.
Telephone 1511

A beautiful New Year's dinner was given to

young people's tea on Thursday of last week for her daughter, who is at home for the holidays.

Mrs. Louis Hayes of Peterboro' has been visiting her relatives in the West End. On Friday last Mrs. Macdonell gave an evening in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Hayes.

There was a meeting of the general committee of the Polar Club on Thursday evening at Tentleigh, the residence of Major Leigh, to decide the date of the next dance, of which I shall report next week.

Miss Emma Patterson of Guelph and Miss Totie Kellar of Parkdale were the guests of Miss Smallpiece of Avenue road Christmas week.

Mr. Max McCord, whose death occurred last week, was a bright member of the Victoria Dramatic Club and a very popular society man. His illness was so soon fatal that many of his friends were first apprised of it by the notice of his death in the dailies.



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THE news of the new year is of a general reduction in prices in all departments prior to stock-taking.

Colored Dress Goods

44-in. Hopscotch, 50s.; worth 70s.
44-in. Whip Cards, 50s.; worth 70s.
42-in. Nun's Veiling, 20s.; worth 40s.
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See our table Dress Goods at 25s.
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45-in. Unbleached Table Linen, 35s. yard; regular price, 45s.
84-in. Bleached Table Cloth, \$1 each; regular \$1.50.
18-in. Roller Towing, 6s.; regular price, 7s.
40-in. Butcher Linens, 16s.; regular 30s.
32-in. Brown Holland, 8s.; regular 10s.

Cottons

30 yards fine Cottons for \$1.80.
36-in. White Cotton, 6s.; regular, 8s.
72-in. Unbleached Sheetings, 15s.; regular 17s.
20-in. Bleached Sheetings, 22s.; regular, 27s.

The bargains will meet you in all departments.

R. SIMPSON

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ENTRANCE YONGE STREET.
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NEW ANNEX 170 YONGE STREET.
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We shall be glad to show intending purchasers our New Goods for Fall & Winter.

wear. Nothing approaching them in variety or quality has ever been offered here.

PART I.

The People of the Mist

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER I.

THE SINS OF THE FATHER ARE VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.

The January afternoon was passing into night, the air was cold and still, so still that not a single twig of the naked beech trees stirred. On the grass of the meadows lay a thin white rime, half frost, half snow; the firs stood out blackly against the steel-hued sky, and over the tallest of them hung a single star. Past these bordering firs there ran a road, on which in this evening of the opening of our story a young man stood irresolute, glancing now to the right and now to the left.

To his right were two massive gates of iron fantastically wrought, supported by stone pillars, whose summits stood griffins of black marble embracing coats of arms, and banners inscribed with the device, "Per ardua ad astra." Beyond these gates ran a broad carriage drive, lined on either side by a double row of such oaks as England alone can produce under the most favorable circumstances of soil, with the aid of the nurturing hand of man and three or four centuries of time. At the head of this avenue, perhaps half a mile from the roadway, although it looked nearer because of the eminence upon which it was placed, stood a mansion of the sort that in auctioneers' advertisements is usually described as "noble." Its general appearance was Elizabethan, for in those days some forgotten Outram had practically rebuilt it; but the greater part of its fabric was far more ancient than the Tudors, dating back indeed, so said tradition, to the days of King John. As we are not auctioneers, however, it will be unnecessary to specify its many beauties. Indeed, at first sight, so little the tribe had recently employed their art of language to paint these attractions with copious fulness and sufficient accuracy, since Outram Hall, for the first time during six centuries, was, or had been, for sale. Suffice it to say that like the oaks of its avenue, Outram was such a house as can only be found in England; no mere mass of bricks and mortar, but a thing that seemed to have acquired a life and individuality of its own, or, if this saying be too far-fetched and poetical, at least to bear upon it some stamp and trace of the lives and individualities of many generations of mankind, linked together in thought and feeling by the common bond of blood.

The young man who stood in the roadway looked long and earnestly toward the mass of buildings that frowned upon him from the crest of the hill, and as he looked an expression came into his face which fell little, if at all, short of that of agony, the agony which youth can feel at the shock of a bitter and irredeemable loss. The fact that here such evidence of trouble was a handsome one enough, though just now all the charm of youth seemed to have faded from it. It was dark and strong, nor was it difficult to guess that in afterlife it might become stern. The form also was shapely and athletic, though not very tall, giving promise of more than common strength, and the bearing that of a gentleman who had not brought himself up to the belief that ancient blood can cover modern deficiencies of mind and manner. Such was the outward appearance of Leonard Outram as he was then, in his twenty-third year.

While Leonard watched and hesitated on the roadway, unable, apparently, to make up his mind to pass those iron gates, and yet desirous of doing so, carts and carriages began to appear hurrying down the avenue toward him. "I suppose that 'the sale is over,'" he muttered to himself. "Well, like death, it is a good thing to have done with it."

These carts turned to go back, bearing the crimson of marriage-wheels close at hand, stepped back into the shadow of the gateway pillar, fearing lest he should be recognized on the open road even by that light. The carriage came up, and just as it reached the gateway, something having gone wrong with the harness, a footman descended from the box to set it right. From where he stood Leonard could both see its occupants, the wife and daughter of a neighbor, and overhear their conversation. He knew them well; indeed, the young lady had been one of his favorite partners at the country balls.

"How cheap the things went, Ida. Fancy getting that oak side board for ten pounds, and with all those Outram quarterings on it, too! It is as good as historical document, and I am sure that it must be worth at least fifty. I shall sell ours and put it in the dining room. I have coveted that side-board for years."

Ida sighed and answered with some asperity.

"I am sorry for the Outrams that I should not care about the side-board if you had got it for me. What an awful snobish lot! I think of the old place being bought by a Jew! Tom and Leonard are utterly ruined, they say, not a sixpence left. I declare, I nearly cried when I saw that man selling Leonard's guns."

"Very sad, indeed," answered the mother absently; "but if he is a Jew, what does it matter? He has a title, and they say that he is enormously rich. I expect there will be plenty going on at Outram soon. By the way, my dear Ida, I do wish you would cure yourself of that habit of calling young men by their Christian names, not that it matters about these two, for we shall never see any more of them."

"I am sure I hope that we shall," said Ida defiantly, "and when we do I shall call them by their Christian names as much as ever. You never objected to it before the smash, and I love both of them, so there! Why did you bring me to that horrid sale? You knew I did not want to go. I shall be wretched for a week, I—" and the carriage swept on out of hearing.

With an oath on his lips, Leonard emerged from the shadow of the gateway and crossed the road swiftly. On the further side of it he paused, and looking after the retreating carriage, said aloud: "God bless you for your kind heart, Ida Hatherley. Good luck to you! And now for the other business."

A hundred yards or so down the road was a second gate of much less imposing appearance than that which led to Outram Hall. Leonard passed through it and presently found himself at the door of a square red brick house, built with no other pretensions than to those of comfort. This was the Rectory, now tenanted by the Reverend and Honorable James Beach, to whom the living had been presented many years before by Leonard's father, Mr. Beach's old college friend.

Leonard rang the bell, and as its distant clang fell upon his ears a new fear struck him. What sort of reception would he meet with in this house, he wondered. Hitherto he had always been so cordial that until this moment he had never doubted of it, but now circumstances had changed. He was no longer even the second son of Sir Thomas Outram of Outram Hall. He was a beggar, an outcast, a wanderer, the son of a fraudulent bankrupt and suicide. The careless words of the woman in the carriage had let a flood of light into his mind, and by it he saw many things which he had never seen before. Now he remembered a little motto that he had often heard, but the full force of which he did not appreciate until to-day. "Friends follow fortune" was the wording of this motto. He remembered also another saying that had frequently been read to him in church and elsewhere, and the origin of which precluded all doubt as to its truth:

"Unto everyone that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Now, as it chanced, Leonard, beggared as he was, had still something left which could be taken away from him, and that something the richest fortune which Prov-

"Because no one asked me to," said Leonard as he took a chair.

"Hem," went on Mr. Beach, "by the way, I believe that Mr. Cohen is a friend of yours, is he not?"

"An acquaintance, not a friend," said Leonard.

"Indeed, I thought that you were at the same college."

"Yes, but he is a Jew, and I don't like Jews."

"Prejudice, my dear boy, prejudice. A minor sin indeed, but one against which you should struggle. Besides, the family have been Christian for a generation. But there, it is natural that you should not feel warmly toward them. I am afraid one day of Outram. Ah! As I said, this is all very bad, but it must be great consolation to you to remember that when everything is settled there will be enough, so I am told, to repay those whom your unhappy father—um—defrauded. And now, is there anything that I can do for you or your brother?"

Leonard reflected that whatever may have been his father's misdeeds, and they were many and black, it should scarcely have lain in the mouth of Rev. James Beach, who owed nearly everything he had in the world to his kindness, to define them so sharply. But he could not defend his father's memory, it was beyond defence, and just now he must fight for his own hand.

"Yes, Mr. Beach," he said earnestly, "you help me very much. You know the cruel position in which my brother and I are placed through no fault of our own; our old home is sold, our fortunes have gone utterly, and our honorable name is tarnished. At the present moment I have nothing left in the world except the sum of two hundred pounds, which I had saved for my own use, and out of my allowance. I have no profession, and cannot even take my degree because I am unable to afford the expense of remaining at college."

"Black, I must say, very black," murmured Mr. Beach, rubbing his chin. "But under these circumstances what can I do to help you? You must trust in Providence, my boy; it never fails the deserving."

"This," answered Leonard nervously, "you show your confidence in me by allowing my engagement to Jane to be proclaimed."

Here Mr. Beach waved his hand once more as though to repel some invisible foe.

"One moment," continued Leonard. "I know that it seems a great deal to ask, but listen. Although everything looks so black I have reliance on myself. With the stimulus which my affection for your daughter will give me, and knowing that in order to win her I must first put myself in a position to support her as she should be supported, I am quite convinced that I shall be able to surmount all difficulties by my own efforts."

"Really, I cannot listen to such nonsense any longer," said Mr. Beach, angrily.

Leonard, this is nothing less than a ministering angel. Of course any understanding that may have existed between you and Jane is quite at an end. Engagement! I heard of no engagement. I knew that there was some boy and girl folly between you; indeed, for my part I never gave the matter another thought."

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seated in a high-backed chair gazing into the fire, his hand resting on his knee.

Thomas Outram was Leonard's elder by two years and cast in a more fragile mould. His face was the face of a dreamer, his brown eyes were large and reflective, and the mouth sensitive as a child's. He was a scholar and a philosopher, a man of much desultory reading, with refined tastes and a really intimate knowledge of Greek gems.

"Is that you, Leonard?" he said, looking up absently. "Where have you been?"

"To the Rectory," answered his brother shortly.

"What have you been doing there?"

"Do you want to know?"

"Yes, of course. Did you see Jane?"

Then Leonard told him all the story.

"What do you think she will do?" asked Tom when his brother had finished. "Given the situation, and the woman, it is a rather curious problem."

"It may be," answered Leonard, "but as I am not an expert in algebra yearning to be worked out, I don't quite see the fun of it. But if you ask me what I think she will do, I should say that she will follow the example of everybody else and desert me."

"You seem to have a poor idea of women, old fellow. I know little of them myself and don't want to know more. But I have always understood that it is the peculiar glory of their sex to come out strong on these exceptional occasions. Woman in our hours of ease, etc."

"Well, we shall see. But it is my opinion that women think a great deal more of their own hours of ease than of those of anybody else. Thank heaven, here comes our dinner."

Thus spoke Leonard; somewhat cynically and perhaps not in the best of taste. But his rejoicing over its appearance notwithstanding, he did not do much justice to the dinner when it came. Indeed, it would be charitable to make allowances for this young man at that period of his life. He had sustained a most terrible reversal, and do what he could not escape from the shadow of his father's disgrace, or put out of mind the stain with which that father had tarnished the honor of his family. And now a new misfortune hung over him. He had just been driven with tumultuously from a house where hitherto he was the most welcome of guests; he had parted moreover, from the woman he had loved, and under circumstances which made it doubtful if their separation would not be final.

Leonard possessed the insight into character, and more common sense than can often be expected from a young man in love. He knew well that the leading characteristic of Jane's nature was a tendency to yield to the circumstances of the hour and pressure brought to bear by those about her, and though he hoped again for hope, he could find no reason to suppose that she would exhibit greater determination in the matter of her engagement than her general lack of strength would lead him to expect. Besides, and here his common sense came in, would it be wise that she should do so? After all, what had he to offer her, and were not his hopes of future advancement nothing better than a dream? But, as he had put it, perhaps Mr. Beach was right when he told him that he, Leonard, was both selfish and impertinent, since it was not a selfish impertinence in him to ask any woman to link her fortune with his in the present state of his affairs?

Let us therefore make excuses for his words and outward behavior, for at heart Leonard had much to trouble him.

When the cloth had been cleared away and they were alone again, Tom spoke to his brother, who was moodily filling his pipe.

"What shall we do to-night, Leonard?" he said.

"Go to bed, I suppose," he answered.

"See here, Leonard," said his brother again, "what do you say to having a last look at the old place?"

"If you wish, Tom, but it will be painful."

"A little pain more or less can scarcely hurt us, old fellow," said Tom, laying his thin hand on his brother's shoulder.

Then they started. A quarter of an hour's walking brought them to the Hall. The snow had ceased falling now and the night was beautifully clear, but before it ceased it had done a welcome office in hiding from view all the litter and wreckage of the auction, which makes the scene of a recent sale one of the most desolate sights in the world. Never had the old hall looked grander or more eloquent of the past than it did on that night to the two brothers who were dispossessed of it forever. They wandered round it in silence, looking affectionately at each well known tree and window, till at length they came to the gun-room entrance. More from habit than for any other reason Leonard turned the handle of the door. To his surprise it was open; after the confusion of the sale no one had remembered to lock it.

"Let us go in," he said.

They entered and wandered from room to room till they reached the greater hall, a vast and oak-roofed chamber built somewhat after the fashion of the nave of a church, and lighted by a large window of ecclesiastical design. The window was filled with the armorial bearings of many generations of the Outram family, wrought in stained glass and placed in couples, for next to each coat of arms were the arms of its bearer's wife. It was not quite full, however, for in it were two blank shields, which had been destined to receive the escutcheons of Thomas Outram and his wife.

"They will never be filled now, Leonard," said Tom, pointing to them. "Curious, isn't it, not to see sad?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered his brother. "I suppose the Cohens have some sort of arms, or if not they can buy them."

"I should think that they would have the good taste to begin a new window for themselves," said Tom.

Then he was silent for a while, and they watched the moonlight streaming through the painted window, the memorial of so much forgotten grandeur, and illuminating the portraits of many a dead Outram that gazed upon them from the paneled walls.

"Per ardua ad astra," said Tom absently, reading the family motto which alternated pretty regularly with a second device that some members of it had adopted—"For Heart, Home and Honor."

"Per ardua ad astra"—through struggle to the stars—and "For Heart, Home and Honor," repeated Tom. "Well, I think that our family never needed such consolations more, if indeed there are any to be found in mottoes. Our heart is broken, our hearth is desolate, and our honor is in tatters, but there remain the struggle and the stars. And as he said, Tom's face was lit up with a new enthusiasm. Leonard, why should not we retrieve the past? Let us take that motto—the more ancient one—for an omen, and let us fulfill it. I believe it is a good omen, I believe that one of us will fulfill it."

"We can try," answered Leonard. "If we fail, at least the stars remain."

"Leonard," said his brother almost in a whisper, "will you swear an oath with me? It seems childish, but I think that under some circumstances there is wisdom even in childishness."

"What oath?" asked Leonard.

"This; that we will leave England and seek fortune in some foreign land—sufficient fortune to enable us to repurchase our lost home; that we will never return here until we have won this fortune; and that death alone shall put a stop to our quest."

Leonard hesitated a moment, then answered:

"If Jane fails me I will swear it."

Tom glanced round as though in search of some familiar object, and presently his eye fell upon what he sought. A great proportion of the furniture of the old house, including a the family portraits, had been purchased by the incoming owner. Among the articles which remained was a very valuable and ancient bible, one of the first ever printed indeed, that stood upon an oaken stand in the center of the hall, to which it was securely chained. Tom led the way to this bible, followed by his brother.

Everyone who can afford it should have a Melissa Rainproof Wrap. The most fashionable, comfortable and economical garment of the day.

Then they both placed their hands upon it; standing there in the shadow, the elder of them spoke aloud in a voice that left no doubt of the earnestness of his purpose, or of his belief in their mission.

"We swear," he said, "upon this book and before God who made us, that we will leave this home that was ours and never look upon it again until we can call it ours once more. We swear that we will follow this, the purpose of our lives, till death destroys us and it; and may shame and utter ruin overtake us if, while we have strength and reason, we turn our backs upon this oath. So help us God!"

"So help us God!" repeated his brother.

In the home of their ancestors, in the presence of their Maker, and of that pictured dead who had gone before them, did Thomas and Leonard Outram devote their lives to this great purpose. Perhaps as one of them had said, it was childish, but if so at the least it was solemn and touching. The cause seemed hopeless indeed, but if faith can move mountains, much more can honest endeavor attain its ends. In that hour they felt this. Yes, they believed, both of them, that the end would be attained by one of them, though they guessed little what struggle lay between them and the star they hoped to gain, or how strangely they should be borne thither.

The morrow they went to London and waited there a while, but no word came from Jane Beach, and for good or ill the chains of the oath that he had taken riveted them around Leonard Outram's neck.

Within three months of this night the brothers were nearing the shores of Africa, the land of the Children of the Mist.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be unanswered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own names and the Editor's time by sending reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupon are not studied.

BLACKFRIAR.—Strong will, rather practical nature, excellent temper, some humor, and an off-hand and slightly careless method, with some talent and much self-esteem, facility, originality and an outer lack of diplomacy.

KITTY B.—You too, Kitty, have many years to improve in. As present you are idealistic, adaptable, slightly humorous and have excellent sense of proportion with taste and good judgment. Wait a little and you'll be a delightful creature.

LAVINIA.—Formality, deliberation, slowness of perception and a generally set and decided character; anxious for perfection, highly just and admirably discreet. Culture is lacking, but undoubted ability is visible. I do not consider this study matured.

DAMASAR.—I regret having kept you so long waiting, but there was no special reason for favoring your study. 2. You are original, rather generous, energetic and constant, careful, but not precise, impatient of restraint, somewhat imaginative and of extremely fallible judgment, a trifling study, but lacking control and thought.

DAISY HARCOURT.—I hope you have returned from Europe and will see your definition. You have energy, ambition, quick but generous temper, some ideally good discretion, a lack of poetic feeling, but excellent perception and some evidence of culture. Don't be too set in your own opinions, my pretty flower others know and think beside you.

BENBRO.—A very unsatisfactory study. Backhand is either an affliction or a subterfuge. In either case it is not worthy of the first decision and generally superior tone of your study. You are social, energetic, self-confident, a little over-confident in speech, but your unfortunate slant backwards almost renders your specimen impossible. I cannot do much with it.

WILHELM.—Place aux dames! though generally, in everyday colloquial, black comes before white. 2. You are a very social, chatty, bright and piquante little woman, hopeful, ambitious and a trifle hasty in temper. You should be witty, somewhat idealistic, averse to business details, but far from careless, with keen artistic sense and much energy when embarked on an interesting enterprise.

MADDER JULIET.—You will certainly be a success at anything where strong and constant will is the first necessity.

2. You are desirous of praise, anxious for success, very realistic and not altogether clear in reasoning. You would win success that compel. You manner is not quite up to the standard of repose of *Vere de Vere*. You are a little too fidgety and alert. Marked ability and decision are yours and lots of originality. The makings of a clever and charming character.

ELIZABETH V.—Certainly. The card should be left for every call, except business ones. 2. You are very sweet-tempered, domestic in tastes, conservative but not prejudiced, a little bit given to posing, but a kind, true and sincere friend. I think the habits you and others have of singling yourselves, "Yours lovingly," when writing to an unknown Editor, perhaps a man, is quite too embarrassing. You should see how I blush at your signatures!

BLACKMAN.—Excepting for the happy and pleasant temperament, rather an antithesis to White. You have also social instincts, honor and nerve for detail are shown, with concentration and very excellent judgment. As you applied, there were several hundred ahead of you, but in other respects, my friend, your study is ahead of many of them. It is that of a capable and clever person, with all his faculties and power kept well in the proper lines.

MABEL ST. ERME.—1. I do't know th' author of the

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

lines on the contours of Augustus. 2 Any books or magazines you wish to send to the Haven, Seaton street, will be welcome to the poor inmates, who eagerly read them. 3 I should think the old Bible you mention would be rather of value. Write to Prof. Vandermaelen at the University; he would be sure to know. 4 Your writing is quite too immature for a satisfactory study. Its possibilities, however, are so good that I am sure the result in the future will be excellent.

"We swear," he said, "upon this book and before God who made us, that we will leave this home that was ours and never look upon it again until we can call it ours once more. We swear that we will follow this, the purpose of our lives, till death destroys us and it; and may shame and utter ruin overtake us if, while we have strength and reason, we turn our backs upon this oath. So help us God!"

CUNNING RIFR.—It is just as well not to be in a hurry to ask strangers to call, even lonely young men. Many a honest lives to regret her goodness in this respect; however, as you are apparently not the hostess but only the young daughter, if your mother approves you might take pity on the lone one. It would be much better to allow her to do the asking and you might second her invitation. As to waiting until he asks permission, he may be too modest or too gauche to do so. It would be a good leader if you said pleasantly "I hope to see you again soon." Any young fellow would then be entitled to ask permission to call. My idea of your handwriting is that you are original, clever, vivacious to extreme and also very impulsive, ambitious, of strong will and some imagination. It could not be the chirography of a stupid person, though it might be that of a heedless and unwise one.

Proving His Theory.

A patient in an insane asylum imagined himself dead. Nothing could drive this delusion out of the man's brain.

One day his physician had a happy thought, and said to him: "Did you ever see a dead man bleed?"

"No," he replied.

"Did you ever hear of a dead man bleeding?"

"No."

"Do you believe that a dead man can bleed?"

"No."

"Well, if you will permit me, I will try an experiment with you and see if you bleed or not?"

The patient gave his consent, the doctor whipped out his scalpel and drew a little blood.

"There," he said, "you see that you bleed; that proves that you are not dead."

And well made and handsome. Fitted with

"I wouldn't be working for three dollars a week."

"Is that all you get?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, say it as you please."

Theatrical Item.

There was one occasion when Mr. Forest received from one of the supernumeraries of a theater an answer which seemed to satisfy him. It was the man's duty to say simply, "The enemy is upon us," which he uttered at rehearsal in a poor whining way.

"Can't you say it better than that?" shouted Forest. "Repeat it as I do," and he gave the words with all the force and richness of his magnificent voice.

"If I could say it like that," replied the man,

City Missionary—Why are you in here, my misguided friend?

Baryl Howse—For stealin' hawks, I guess.

Leastways, that's what they say I did.

"You must realize the error of your ways by this time, I suppose."

"You bet I do. Hosses has always been my specialty."—Indianapolis Journal.

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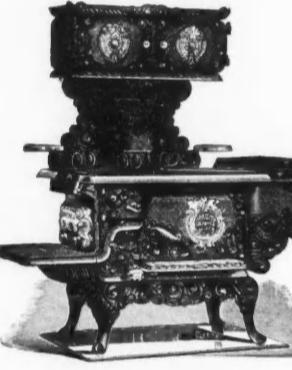
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Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$2.00
Six Months.....	1.00
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Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), Proprietary.

VOL. VII] TORONTO, JAN. 6, 1894. [No. 7

H. Rider Haggard's New Story.

H. Rider Haggard's new story, *The People of the Mist*, the serial right to which we have purchased at large expense, begins on page four of this issue. We will publish a large instalment each week, and it will be found a most thrilling narrative. The theater of the story is Africa, where Mr. Haggard found She and Umslopogaas and all those other wonderful people. By buying this story and giving it to our readers simultaneously with its appearance in London and New York, we have saved the public of Canada from remaining a year behind the times, as has been the case in regard to Haggard's former works. The first instalment is in this issue. Don't fail to start in at the beginning, for if so you will be drawn in later on and then you will regret the missed first chapters.

Random Reminiscences of a Nile Voyager.

Four papers of Random Reminiscences of a Nile Voyager by Charles Lewis Shaw appeared in our Christmas Number. The continuation of these papers will begin in our regular issue of SATURDAY NIGHT on January 20. Those who had a taste of Mr. Shaw's rare humor in our Christmas Number will not fail to relish what is to follow. Those who did not read the Christmas Number, but sent it away to distant friends, missed a treat. We have a few Numbers left, which first comers can secure. But even if you have not read or do not secure a reading of the Reminiscences published, still those to appear in our regular issue are complete in themselves. For humor and adventure we put this series of papers up against anything yet brought out serially in Canada. And they will be handsomely illustrated each week. With these Reminiscences of a Canadian Voyager, who went up the Nile to the relief of General Gordon in 1884, and with H. Rider Haggard's new story, commencing this week, we feel that SATURDAY NIGHT will be more than usually acceptable to our readers. We aim to issue the best five cent weekly in the world, and are gaining a widening field every year. Don't miss our special features; they both possess special merit and were procured at special expense.

The Drama.

PARRHASIUS, the new tragedy by Eddy W. H. Williams, in which Robert Mantell is starring, is altogether too wordy, and except for the thrilling climax in the concluding act is scant of incident. Parrhasius, a painter of ancient Greece, proud, vain, aiming to win a place among the gods, is made the central figure of the tragedy, and a more tragic and awful story than that which has been woven together could hardly be conceived. Prisoners of war were made slaves, so that it often happened that people of good blood in one land, on being captured, became slaves in another. Parrhasius at the wars was struck by the beauty of Lydia, whom Lychos had captured, and by means of his wealth and influence secured her and made her wife. At Athens he settled down to the pursuit of his art, happy in his wife's love and in his dream of immortal fame. Lychos carried in his heart a spirit of revenge for the loss of his captive, and soon after, discovering Lydia's father held in slavery, he purchased him and brought him to Athens, bent upon humiliating and abusing the old man in view of his daughter, who, despite her wealth and position, could not rescue the slave from his oppressor while Lychos, the master, refused to sell. This was his scheme of revenge. Parrhasius was painting a picture of the death of Prometheus, bound to the rocks, but he could not properly paint the face with its awful death agony. His soul was in the painting. By it he aimed to achieve fame as long as the world should last, and win a place among the gods of Athens. A horrible inspiration seizes him—why not procure a living Prometheus, bind him, have him tortured slowly to death and paint his face while in the death agonies? A noise was heard outside, an old slave in frenzied efforts to escape his guards rushed headlong in and fell at the painter's feet, but his captors, with laughter, seized and carried him away. "The very face of Prometheus! The gods have sent him," cried Parrhasius, and he despatched his servant for a slave-trader, whom he commissioned to purchase that slave at any cost, procuring for him (the painter) powers of life and death over his purchase. Lychos in concealment heard the conversation and read the painter's awful purpose. The slave was his and he sold him to the painter's envoy. The old man was brought to a room in the painter's house and confined until all was in readiness. Parrhasius questioned a slave as to the conduct of the prisoner and was told that he talked incessantly of his ill-usage, bemoaned his hard fate and cursed his tormentors. This would not do; the accusing tongue of Prometheus as he suffered torture would unnerve the artist's hand, and nothing must now defeat the mighty project, a painting that would live forever. Parrhasius ordered his slave to have the captive's tongue cut out by the roots, so that he could not cry out, under torture, and the slave retired to obey the command. In the meantime, Lydia, the painter's beloved wife, had learned that

her father had come to Athens, a slave. She had visited the mart and found him asleep the previous night, and now in the early morn rushed into her husband's studio as the slave departed on his fell errand, and in a flutter of joy told him of her father. A loving scene ensued, and the husband, with kisses, gave her a ring as a pledge to the dealers, and bade her redeem her father at any cost, but to go quick, as he had great work on hand—work that would make him immortal. She rushed away. The captive, his tongue cut out, was carried in and chained to the artificial rocks in the studio. The artist bade him bear up under the tortures he was about to suffer, for though he would lose his life, yet his face would live forever on that canvas. Then he called two colored slaves, promised them their freedom if they did their work well, and ordered them to draw their knives and begin the torture, he seizing his brush. When the curtain rose again the deed was done, the immortal picture finished, the mutilated captive dead in his chains. He threw a cloak over the remains as a knock was heard at the door and in gilded Lydia suffused with love and joy. With kisses and embraces she thanked him for his kind surprise. He did not understand her. "My father," she exclaimed, "you ransomed him all unknown to me and brought him here for my surprise." The awful truth suggested itself to him, yet he did not speak. "My father, loved Parrhasius! The trader said you ransomed him yourself this morning and brought him hither. Oh, do not keep him still from my embrace." Then did Parrhasius realize his awful deed. His face conveyed its terror to his wife's heart, and in response to her wailings he, with groans, could only point to his finished picture. One look, a scream, and then the cloak was torn off the mutilated remains of

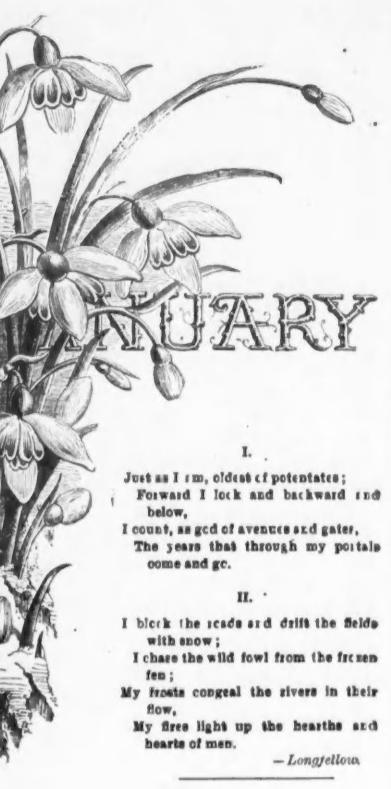
night at the Grand was once played by Palmer's Stock Company, and old man Stoddard played the part of the father. I am told by one who saw it that he made the part a great creation.

Barney Ferguson and his associate scintillators are associating and scintillating through Canada just now. Despite all their scintillation I find that one can gaze upon them with the naked eye and yet escape being dazzled to utter blindness. The company embraces several clever people, of whom Barney Ferguson himself is not one. A duller star never scintillated in my presence than this same husky-voiced Barney. To somebody's credit let me say that the star is usually below the horizon during the performance—that is, B. Ferguson Esq. is usually behind the scenes. He is only visible at rare intervals and when he does appear he indulges in coarse horse play that causes the pretty girls in the company to keep their eyes upon the floor until he twinkles off the stage. He and his friend Mulligan pull and haul and biff each other, hit each other with hammers, fall off each other's backs, knock each other down, and go through all that old business that never was funny since the first time it was gone through—long before you and I were born, gentle reader. Marguerite Ferguson, presumably daughter to the sweetly beaming star just referred to, is bright and piquant enough, however, to redeem the honors of the family. As a dancer, tumbler, kicker and contortionist, she is specially attractive. I have often said that no woman can be graceful in a high-kicking dance, but Marguerite Ferguson comes nearer causing me to revise that opinion than anyone I have yet seen. There are many better contortionists, but I have seen no female so lithe and graceful

rather callous. I surprised myself before that man had finished his homely recitation by finding tears coursing down my cheeks. Before he had concluded there was a moisture in the eyes of everyone present, and Ellen Terry, herself an emotional queen, was nearly overcome and had to be removed from the banquet hall. This was the first time I ever heard James Whitcomb Riley, and I could then understand why Americans love him." Whitcomb Riley has been engaged to appear at the Pavilion on January 30.

After three months of arduous travel, during which time Miss Jessie Alexander has appeared in almost every place of importance, from Montreal to Windsor, she has been enjoying a short respite from the platform during the past week, and consequently will resume her recitals next week, much improved in health by her short rest.

Wilson Barrett comes to the Grand next week in a great repertoire of plays. This is the programme for the week: Monday, Claudio; Tuesday, Virginia; Wednesday matinee, Stranger; Wednesday evening, Claudio; Thursday, Hamlet; Friday, Othello; Saturday matinee, The Silver King, and Saturday evening, Ben My Chree.



I.
Just as I am, oldest of potentates;
Forward I look and backward incline,
I count, as god of avenges and gates,
The years that through my portals come and go.

II.
I black the roads and drift the fields
With snow;
I chase the wild fowl from the frozen sea;
My frost congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fire light up the hearths and hearts of men.
—Longfellow

Canada.

For Saturday Night.
To thee, thou land of lake and streams,
To thy fertile plains and mountains
Be ever more prosperity,
Free flowing as thy fountains.
Long mayst thou live, my Canada,
Thy homes by freedom blest,
Long may the British Union Jack
Float o'er thee, land of rest.
O thou, my heritage so broad,
From ocean unto ocean,
Forever live in fear of God,
Forever pay devotion.
Blessings be on our noble Queen
And on the British nation,
And never may our Canada
Sever its loved relation.

HARCOURT.

A Song In Season.

For Saturday Night.
As long as our civilization is essentially one of property
of fences, of exclusiveness, it will be mocked by delusions
Our riches will leave us sick; there will be bitterness in
our laughter; and our wine will burn our mouth. Only
that good profits which we can taste with all doors open
and which serves all men — Emerson.

I.
At night along the city streets
A wealthy merchant pass'd.
The gas-lights flicker'd in the wind,
The snow was falling fast.
But wapp'd in fur he did not feel
The fury of the night,
And only saw a rosy dream
Of halls illumin'd bright;
Of dancers whirling softly by
In sounds of gayest pleasure;
And in the round there throb'd the sound
Of harp's and flute's sweet measure.
There the glad night should abide above
A gay, forgetful throng;
The hours should speed, and Christmas morn
Should rise with laugh and song.

II.
There pass'd the merchant on his way,
One who was vile and low,
The shrill wind stung him thro' his rags,
His bare feet shun'd the snow.
No rosy dream for him arose
To blot the envied sight
Of children trudging home with gifts.
To make the Christmas bright.
A thousand glorious windows blaz'd
On avenue and mart,
But failed to light the awful night
That reign'd within his heart.

III.
Another, bent with studious years,
Labors remote, alone;
Naught sees he of the varied throng,
Naught hears he of tempest's moan.
His eyes scan regions unexplored,
His heart beats with the spheres—
In scales and crucibles and tubes
Some new-won law appears.
He feels behind the silent power
That works in great and small,
The master motions of a hand
Knowing and ruling all.
Yet in his heart there springs no flood
Responsive to the day—
Seduction's frost hath chain'd the stream,
And chilled its song away.

IV.
Each in his littleness, alas!
Is not of his own kind,
Each follows but his own dim path,
Nor casts a look behind.
And some are rich and high in place;
Some wise, but still not great;
And ah, the myriads who drink
Black wells of vice and hate!
And neither loves his fellow man
Unto death's bitter end,
Fellow upon the march of life—
But comrades? Nay, nor friend!

V.
And so with every Christmas-tide,
I look abroad and woe.
The woe! the woes in the ranks
That cleave the rues of man.
And think upon the gentle Christ
Who, centuries ago,
Was born to bring good-will and peace
For humanity and woe.
And wearying for the erring song
Again to fill the skies,
Bliss of the day sickness away
And salt floods fill the eyes.

VI.
God speed the glorious season, then,
When gentler brotherhood
Shall lap the world within its light,
Deep as the morning's flood;
When ignorance shall not enrich with vice,
Nor poverty bear with hate;
When rich men shall be gen'rous
And wise men shall be great.
God speed the happy morn of love,
God guides us waking ray,
Till men may truly keep with joy
The holy Christmas Day!

JAS. A. TUCKER.

MISS JENNIE HOUSTON
ELOCUTIONIST.

In performing unnatural movements. Miss Carrie Behr—some prohibitionist should marry this young lady and invest her with a new name now that the plebeians has carried—is a pretty and delightful personage on the stage, while Miss Bertha Waring cannot be overpraised for her dancing. Master Richard Ferguson as a dancer and tumbler is good but it grates on one's nerves to hear him sing. He has been over-taxed and his voice will be ruined before he is old enough to know for himself the injustice being done him. Let him tumble and dance; his sinews will stand more than his vocal cords. J. W. Wilson as a tumbler and funny man is something new and pleasing, but the balance of the company is tattered.

After having seen The Castaways at the Academy I have made up my mind that life in New York cannot be as pleasant as it is so often described. There is too much of the shady side there for me, and the shadows are altogether too black and too large. The play is strong and realistic, and as a moral lesson at Christmas time it is useful. It helps us to remember that there are people in the city whose lives are not only darkened by want of love and happiness, but who also may be in need of the money that we spend on theaters and other amusements. If The Castaways had no other claim to merit, it would still deserve approbation from the fact that it helps us to realize that one half the world does not know how the other half lives.

Max O'Rell was a great admirer of James Whitcomb Riley. He considers him in every sense the greatest poet America has yet produced. "He has a heart larger than his body," said Max. "I shall never forget the first time I ever saw him. He made an impression upon me such as no other man has done. It was at a banquet in New York given by Augustin Daly in honor of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry at the close of their last season in America. There were many eloquent speeches and toasts made that night, for the party was a brilliant one. I do not remember anything about them now, however, as only one impressed me, affected me. I may say, That was a plain, homely-looking man, who on a simple announcement arose and recited Down to Old Aunt Mary's. I must acknowledge that I am

in performing unnatural movements. Miss Carrie Behr—some prohibitionist should marry this young lady and invest her with a new name now that the plebeians has carried—is a pretty and delightful personage on the stage, while Miss Bertha Waring cannot be overpraised for her dancing. Master Richard Ferguson as a dancer and tumbler is good but it grates on one's nerves to hear him sing. He has been over-taxed and his voice will be ruined before he is old enough to know for himself the injustice being done him. Let him tumble and dance; his sinews will stand more than his vocal cords. J. W. Wilson as a tumbler and funny man is something new and pleasing, but the balance of the company is tattered.

The choir of the church of the Redeemer will repeat their Christmas cantata, Christmas Eve, by Neil W. Gade, on Wednesday, Jan. 10. The work met with such success that a larger audience is anticipated at its next production. The soloist of the cantata will be Mrs. Frank Lauder of Hamilton, contralto, and the work will be accompanied by organ and harp. Other leading parts of the service will be taken by Mr. Jaques' pupils on the organ and piano and the excellent showing of the kindergarten class were warmly applauded by the large audience present. Mention must also be made of the valuable assistance rendered by Prof. Baker on the violin during the evening.

The annual Christmas concert of the Brantford Institution for the Blind was held on Dec. 22, under the direction of Mr. J. E. Jaques, musical director of the Institute. The local press speaks in highest terms of praise of the success of the entertainment. The work of Mr. Jaques' pupils on the organ and piano and the excellent showing of the kindergarten class were warmly applauded by the large audience present. Mention must also be made of the valuable assistance rendered by Prof. Baker on the violin during the evening.

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MODERATO.

A Youthful Pessimist.

Any boy or girl who doesn't know what a pessimist is should be sure to read the following, says an exchange. Jeremiah, who is twelve years old, is already a confirmed pessimist. Among the things he continually grumbles about are his lead pencils, which never have points, and to sharpen which he always has to borrow a knife of some schoolmate.

"Why don't you have a knife of your own, Jerry?" one of the boys asked.
"Got no pockets to keep it in," said Jerry.
"Then why don't you have a pocket?"
"'I had one, I'd have a hole in it."
"Well, even then you wouldn't be any worse off than you are now."
"H'm!" Yes, I should. 'I had a pocket in a hole in it, I never'd have anything to lose through it!'" Jerry sighed deeply and went on whittling his pencil with the dull blade of the other boy's knife.

One Touch of Nature as staged the other

Aunt Mary's. I must acknowledge that I am

ROYAL WOMEN OF EUROPE.



"Take things easy," said a man one day to a busy, energetic and nervous woman. "You'll live longer." She looked at him for the fifth part of a second. "I'll not," she said decisively. "I'll live through all eternity whether I work hard or take things easy." That is the spur which often urges on those who think while they work. One is going to live through all eternity. If one did not believe that and realize how short time is, one had better not strive and plan and work. "I leave all planning to the Lord," said a mighty pious woman. "Then what do you suppose He gave you brains for?" tartly enquired one of the Marthas. And she was right. We were meant to plan, and strive, and work, and rejoice in success if we succeed and bravely accept reverses if we fail. By these means are men and women evolved and souls strengthened and powers matured.

A person asked me last week whether I thought being a milliner spoiled a man. It depends upon the kind of milliner he is, doesn't it? I had rather be a good milliner, even though I were (horrible thought) a man, than be a bad emperor. I had rather combine flowers and ribbons and feathers to set off becomingly a pretty woman's face than spoil squares of canvas with distorted forms and impossible trees and think I was an artist. I had rather plan beautiful confections of silk and lace and velvet than write unclean stories or trashy plays. I had rather be a good milliner than a bad worker in the most exalted or aesthetic profession known. It is not at all what we do, but how we do it that makes us higher or lower, that builds up sterling character or flimsy, shoddy pretense, and if a good many workers would digest this fact, better millinery and better men would be the blessed result.

I wonder if there is in Toronto a Magazine Club, such as I have known of in the Mother country. The club is formed of nine or ten families, each of whom subscribes for one magazine, and each having perused their own book, exchanges in rotation with the rest of the members, thus having the reading of a dozen, more or less, of the leading monthly publications. Now and then the club has an evening, when the more striking of the articles appearing in the monthlies are discussed. It need not be remarked that an impulse to thought and consequent mental culture is the outcome of a Magazine Club, and perhaps such an idea may find favor among our bright people.

Talking of clubs, there is in London a very progressive ladies' club, appropriately named the Pioneer, which has many ladies of title among its prominent members, and the weekly debates of which are the butts of many a man's wit. One editor writes that "The reformation or extenuation of man is to be considered with perfect feminine calm, not more than six members being allowed to speak at once." This is rather making progress, and equals the style of Sorosis in its maddest days.

It is suggested that the tobacco habit should be encouraged among women, because their nerves need soothing, and they will derive benefit from the deliberate method of thought which follows upon the use of the weed. That instead of being impulsive, obstinate and hasty in speech, their words will become slow and their manner composed, that their dainty cigarette will bring them Nirvana—Perhaps! But not the calm of a sphinx, nor the repose of a mummy could make me believe that woman's sweet lips would ever be quite as sweet after being smoked. I have seen charming Russians, Poles, Mexicans and Parisiennes smoke cigarettes, and it did not attract me beautifully as it was done. It was certainly chic, but it was not ladylike, nor sweet, nor refined. A young woman asked me did I think it was wrong to smoke cigarettes, and I almost said yes, when I thought of my ideal and the danger it was in, but I am no doubt rubbishy and old-fashioned, for the young woman almost as much as told me so.

Those who read Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Robert Ellsmere will be interested in hearing that her sister, Ethel Arnold, also, of course, a niece of Matthew Arnold, has written a book. It is but a novelette, but it is original and of singular promise. *Platonica* is the name of it, and the gist of the book is as follows. "There are some women whom no man's love can altogether compensate for the loss of a woman's." It sounds rather weak, that text, but strong thoughts grow from it. Man's love is nearly always selfish at times, but I know of woman's love without a grain of this alloy. Ah, who that can see the silver head of the one who bore them, the kind eyes, the softened tones of age and yearning, but knows that the woman love they tell of exceeds that of man and the loss of it can know no compensation.

Emperor William is a blessing to paragraphs; he is forever providing copy for scribblers and readers of scribblings. The latest news comments upon his mustache, the peculiar twist of which a barber journeys from Berlin to Potsdam every morning to perfect; on his fancy for bestowing busts in bronze and marble, photos large and small, upon his courtiers and friends. The other night he leaned from his box in the theater and handed the *prima donna* a photo "a statuette of himself. And now he wears a big three million diamond for his new Ewan. Like the Pear's soap little boy, "He can't be happy" d be posit.



XXI.—H. M. Queen Isabella of Spain.



XXII.—H. R. H. The Grand Duchess of Baden.

till this three-inch-high wonder sparkles above the fuzzy mustache, and I think someone really ought to see he gets it.

Did you ever go into a safe deposit vault? The other day I took a lady with me to get some business matters out of my tin box and she thought it a very curious place indeed. It is a great comfort, I know and well worth the trifling fee one pays to have an utterly safe place wherein to keep one's valuables. The whole ceremony of the guardian, who prepares the lock for your key by giving it a half turn with his own: your hair turn, which opens the little narrow nest where the tin box lies hid; the turning over of bonds and deeds and notes for what you want; the grated door and the windowless vault, the guardian, fond of a joke, and tolerant of any amount of nonsense and questions—all of it reminds me of a queer place, of two queer places, the old vaults in the cemetery of Laken, near Brussels, and a little crematory vault where the urns of ashes, numbered and labeled, are locked behind tiny grated doors. It seems a place where one is in danger of being shut up forever and forever, and I always crack my little joke with some internal tremor in the Safe Deposit Company's vault. There are queer things there—a hat-box that has stood there for years, a musty plate of tarnished plate, old-fashioned jewelry, and bonds and other securities, the owners of which may be dead and buried, and their heirs in poverty. One could weave a romance or a tragedy easily in such a suggestive corner!

LADY GAY.

An Innocent Victim.

THE story begins with three characters, a dashing beau, a belle *un peu passe*, and a debutante, so bright and sweet and heedless that anyone could see she was but newly launched on fashion's wave. One day the cruel postman handed in a milliner's bill almost as long as Rosina Vokes', and quite too long for the eyes or temper of Missie's papa. Missie read the sum total, and exclaiming "Good heavens," her delicate roses faded to snow! Suddenly she be思t her of a certain elderly godmother who sometimes helped her out of similar bogs, and hastily writing on the margin of the bill these words, "For goodness' sake settle this thing for me. I dare not show it to papa, and I am ever your grateful Mary," she thrust it into her scrap of a muff and betook herself to a "tea." The dashing beau was there, the *passe* maiden also. She was "after him," said certain observers, and he, well, he encouraged her a wee bit. She approached the debutante graciously. "Dear," she whispered, "will you hand this list to Mr. —? I have to go to three more affairs, and I cannot wait to see him." The list (it was not a list by any means!) passed also into the insidious muff, and the girl presently approached the gallant. "I want to give you this!" said she mysteriously, with a lovely blush, and poked it into his ready hand—the milliner's bill! Gallant as he was, monsieur was a little staggered when he inspected it, but not for long. The colossal conceit of the creature man rose to the occasion. "Poor child, of course I'll pay it. I'll wager that old skin-flint of a father bullies her about her bits of finery. Jove! she's an innocent, pretty maid, and she must think something of me, too. She's a bit reckless, or green, or perhaps, but no! she's not deep. I'll send the cash to tomorrow!" which he did with a note, saying that he had been handed the cash to settle, and would like a receipt, which might be sent to his office. Mademoiselle anxiously enquired a day or two after whether the account was paid. The milliner looked curiously at her, but assured her it was. The girl laughed contentedly. "See what it is to have a good friend! I'd never have been able to pay it myself," she cried, and the milliner looked at her more curiously still, as was quite natural.

The "list!" Ah, that had fallen from the deceptive muff and been picked up by an ancient scandal-monger who read it, came to the signature, gave an amazed gasp, then a chuckle, and carefully deposited the note in her desk for a future rod in pickle on the shoulders of the writer. Things got a good deal mixed. The gallant deserted his *passe* admirer and shadowed the pretty girl, who received his attentions with innocent gratification.

The deserted one waxed venomous, and wicked fate supplied her with a barb when the imprudent milliner, by some unintentional slip, let out the matter of the bill. Vowed to secrecy, but meaning mischief, the

deserted one gradually circulated the momentous gossip, and ere long it reached the ears of that particular scandal-monger who possessed her so-called "list." She promptly fired her fuse, and the deserted one discovered to her horrified surprise that some mischance had made her note miscarry.

She was called to a distant city by a telegram and barely ran away, conscious of defeat and unable to face gossip. So, being deprived of its victim, gossip turned all its attention to the gallant and the unconscious girl. Talk was encouraged by their *bon camaraderie*. Talk fairly shouted compromising stories. The good godmother opened her purse-strings again and again; smart hats, dainty laces, faintly tinted gloves and satin shoes were the result, but no one charged them to the proper quarter. The gallant got the credit or the discredit of the whole lot. At last some particular friend of papa's felt it his duty, etc., to explain the cause of the lack of invitations and general cordiality of certain straight-laced hosts and hostesses. Papa ordered him out of the house, interviewed the milliner and paid the bill. The gallant received the amount from her by post, without any definite explanation. The innocent victim protested and prayed, but could not explain, until by scrap and bit the godmother and all the other powers cleared up the horrid mystery. But the world refused to be appeased, when deprived of its "*bonne bouche*" of scandal, and away in a continental town the poor child and her chaperone awaited the stilling of the storm! Isn't it a queer mix-up. And it all happened right here in Toronto, only it's some time ago and you've forgotten it, and, in any case, you never knew it all until now!

SAGA.

The Swearer Off.

For Saturday Night.

*Take, oh take those lips away.**—Shakespeare, Measure for Measure.**Take, oh take those drinks away,**That so lately I've worn,**Delightful drinks, although they may**Produce a headache in the morn;**But ginger ale produces again,**Teetotal drink not made in vain.**Hide, oh hide, that pint of ale**Which within your hand you clutch,**Ere my good intentions fall,**For they don't amount to much.**But lemonade produces again,**Teetotal drink, not made in vain.*

CODETH.

Tried in the Fire and Found Wanting.

"I DON'T see why these persons can't boil down their sermons and let us have the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth in as few words as possible," groaned the law student who had just lounged in from church. His godfather, from whom he had never yet got any sympathy, but from whom he was always trying to extract some, seemed to entertain this remark with a certain amount of complaisance.

"Biled or raw, I guess it wouldn't make much difference to you," quoth he. "You see religion after all ain't so very complicated if you only look at it right. All a feller's got to do is to believe ten or fifteen main facts, and try to live up to three or four plain, straightforward rules, and the best guide he kin have in my 'pinion is to use his common sense and follier the pointers of his conscience. Because these here pulpit fellers claw in a lot of phrases and work off a lot of their own ideas as to how a chap should travel heavenward, that ain't a-goin' to change the route. Some of them kind of insinuate that if you b'long to their style of travellin' you're a-goin' to ride a bicycle on an asphalt pavement all the way. But don't you make no mistake, godson; folks nowadays have got to go the same old journey on the same old road, and there ain't been no repairs worth speakin' of done on it for eighteen hundred years. These here self-appointed pathmasters kin go right on bossin', but sooner or later every feller will find that he has to do his own statoot labor. When I wuz younger and more enterprisin' than I am now, I gave the whole bilin' of them a real good try and I hasn't got no further use for 'em.' Here the old man relapsed into sombre silence, which was interrupted by his godson's enquiry as to how he had so effectually tried them and so conclusively found them wanting.

"Well," said Uncle Harper after taking a longer pull than usual at his third snifter, "I 'spose as this is Sunday evenin' I can't do better than improve the shinrin' hour by impartin' to you my experience, which will at enny rate load you up with considerable religius instruction and p'raps a certain amount of sacred entertainment. The way of it wuz this: 'Bout twenty years ago or more I wuz consideralely unsettled in my mind as to which wuz the best church to b'long to. My young and tender conscience wuz troubled. I had

been raised to the Baptist persuasion, but had leanin's to Presbyterianism with a kinder friendly squintin' in the direction of the Episcoplians. Now, sez I, this here state of things is unhealthy, and has got to be settled or I'll git thinner than a dude's leg. But how to settle it wuz the question, and at last I struck an idea.

"I wuz considerable great on chemistry them days, understanding all the elements constitutin' gas, bad smells, etc., and could fish microbes out of blame near everything. Among the other things constitutin' my outfit wuz a great big retort in which I used ter make the gas what dentists use fer extractin' painless teeth with. I proposed to work the oracle with this here contrivance.

"I wrote a nice circular to the heads of all the different religius bodies includin' the Pope and the great High Priests of Buddha and Confucius, sayin' as how I wuz a-lookin' out fer a good article in the religius thought line, and askin' them fer copies of their constitution and by-laws (stamp enclosed fer reply). I got a surprisin' amount of literatur' in reply in all sorts of langwidges, includin' Greek and Chinese. The furriest langwidges I couldn't read, and most of what wuz writ in English I couldn't understand, but that didn't matter, fer I wuz a-goin' to give 'em a trial enny how.

"I placed them carefully in the retort in the order in which they wuz viewed, so that there shouldn't be no hard feelin's. At the end of three months I declared the competition closed and sealed up the retort. I then rigged up a kind of a milk shake contrivance and churned the hull consignment for three weeks steady. Then I lit up the furnace and kept the retort and its contents at a white heat for three days, until there wuz nothin' visible to the naked eye but a sort of blue mist. This I suspected to be gas, and I wuz right, fer that there retort had an awful jag of what I 'spose you could call omni sectarian carburetted hydrogen, and in every sense of the word wuz loaded fer bear. Next I unloaded it into a dentist's gas reservoir, such as you kin see, godson, at any dentist's, with a mouthpiece and rubber tube. Then everythin' bein' ready, I took out an accident policy, sat down in the chair, put the nozzle in my mouth and let her go.

"I didn't become quite insensible, but could certin' that there charge a rumblin' and rippin' and tearin' away inside of me like a pack of gaseous wolves, until the feelin' became almost unbearable. But I had made up my mind to swaller the whole dose, and it had to go.

"When it wuz all gone I wuz nearly dead and so muddled that I wuzn't quite sure whether I wuz a-standin' on my own head, on somebody else's, or a-wallerin' in the ruin. One thing I wuz sure of, and that wuz that I wuz feelin' awful stiff, and every time I moved I rattled like a bag of walnut shells. I thought this kind of cur'us an' hobbled over to a lookin'glass to size myself up. By the holy smoke, godson, you kin imagine your godfather's feelin' when he looked at himself and discovered that he had been changed into neither more nor less than a *bundle of dry bones*. There wuz so little flesh on me that a starvin' cannibal wouldn't have given five cents a pound for the primest cut.

"Sez I to myself, this here state of things is awful. What in 'e Sam Hill is to be done? I could see plain enuff that no amount of feedin' wuz a-goin' to make me plump again, fer the dryness and chills wuz too evidently come fer to stay. With my small remainin' strength I struck and smashed the top off that there blasted retort, when lo! at the bottom of it I beheld a little white crystal. Like a drownin' man graspin' at a straw I picked it up and swallered it. The effect was wonderful. In three minutes I wuz all right again. I saw at once where I had made the mistake. Instead of swallering the gas I should have let it go and swallered the crystal in the first place. That crystal was the concentrated essence of all the true religion in that there cartload of doctrine. I had gone and done like many another poor man, swallered all that balloonful of gas, when I should have swallered the crystal sweet and pleasant to the taste, and, I believe, if I had swallered it alone, lastin' in its effects.

"Some day, godson, we'll try that experiment over again and this time we'll swaller the part that don't turn into gas, and then I guess that in the matter of religion we won't be faroult. In the meantime my advice to you is simply this: Keep your mouth shut and do the square thing."

G. J. A.

She Was Not to be Beaten.

Mrs. Percy Yerger is one of those ambitious women who never allows herself to be surpassed by anybody in anything. She actually crowded over the neighbors, because one of her children was worse broken out with the measles than all the rest of the children in that part of Austin, Texas.

Not long since she made an afternoon call on Mrs. Watermelon, a near neighbor. Mrs. Watermelon brought out some tea and cakes and she deprecated the tea being so weak, and the cakes not havin' the right flavor.

"What! do you call this tea weak?" said Mrs. Yerger, turning up her nose and then smilin' a most contemptuous smile.

"Yes, I am afraid the water wasn't boiling," replied Mrs. Watermelon demurely.

Mrs. Yerger sniffed the air scornfully. "I don't think the tea is poor at all, Mrs. Watermelon, compared with mine. I hope you will call on me at an early day, and then it will be a pleasure to me to prove that I can make tea, one cup of which will be weaker than a whole potful of this stuff that you are boasting about. Ask my husband, ask the university students who are boarding with us, if they ever tasted such tea as I give them. When it comes to real thin tea I'll carry off the ribbon from any other woman in Austin, Mrs. Watermelon, and I want you to know it."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Watermelon, "I expect yours is the worst. You know you are so much older and more experienced than I am."

Mrs. Yerger gathered herself up, and with a glance that might do credit to a member of the Texas Legislature who had been caught in a lie, indignantly left the house.

One On Eli.

"Who told you that yarn?"

"I heard it from Mr. Eli Perkins."

"I thought so. He lies so you can't even believe the opposite of what he tells you."



"Did you dread proposing to me, John?"

"Oh, no. I had been told beforehand that you wouldn't accept me."—Life.

Short Stories Retold.

Queen Elizabeth, when asked by Lord Arundel if he might be permitted to wear some continental decoration conferred upon him, testily replied: "I will have my dogs bear no other collar than my own."

Dr. McClure of Malden, Mass., was sternly opposed to the speech of women in public. He was once preaching in exchange with a Methodist brother, and was obliged to give notice of an afternoon meeting to be addressed by a lady. It was in this form: "In this place, at three o'clock, a hen will crow!"

A gentleman entered Mr. Lincoln's private office in the spring of 1862, and earnestly requested a pass to Richmond. "A pass to Richmond!" exclaimed the president; "why, my dear sir, if I should give you one it would do you no good. You may think it very strange, but there are a lot of fellows between here and Richmond who either can't read or are prejudiced against every man who totes a pass from me. I have given McClellan and more than two hundred thousand others passes to Richmond, and not one of them has got there yet."

Not long ago a hatter in the South of England had a sign hung outside his door with "J. Dodging" painted on it. There was a young clerk who was in the habit of passing by the shop every morning. One day he went in to buy himself a new hat and left his old one to be done up, promising to call for it in two days' time, and then pay for his new one. Day after day went on, and he never turned up. He went to his business another way. So the hatter, becoming tired of waiting for his money, went one morning at the usual hour in search of him, and meeting him he exclaimed: "Now, then, young man, I've got you. I am Dodging, the hatter." The young fellow coolly exclaimed: "Oh, how strange! I am doing the very same thing." —*London Tid-Bits*.

James Payn tells of a connoisseur in giants who discovered one at Cremona Gardens, and in an evil hour flattered him. "You are a fine fellow," he said; "you should not allow yourself to be exhibited with the straight-haired negress at sixpence head. You should have more self-respect, and insist upon a separate show all to yourself." "But do you think our proprietor," said the giant, "will agree to that? His temper is short." "Yes, his head is long; he knows your value." Advice gratis was, in this case, a misnomer, for the next day the giant arrived in a cab—half in and half out of it—at his new friend's house. "I did as you told me," he said, "and have got the sack, so I must stay with you till I get another place." The connoisseur always spoke of the ten days during which that giant was his guest as the most terrible experience in housekeeping of his life.

While preparations were being made for the attack on New Orleans, the Navy Department came into possession of a complete set of plans of the defences of that city. Not only were the positions of the forts laid down, but, also, the submarine mines, as well as the system of torpedoes, and the reserve of war vessels which were to co-operate with the land batteries. No time was lost in sending it to Admiral Farragut, but no acknowledgment ever reached the Navy Department. Meanwhile, the passage of the forts was effected. New Orleans captured, Admiral Farragut, in due time, went North. Proceeding to Washington, he at once called at the Navy Department, where he received hearty congratulations upon his brilliant successes. While he was in the department a prominent official referred to the plans of the defences of New Orleans, and asked the admiral if he had ever received them. "Yes," he replied, "I received the plans, but, on examination, I found that, according to them, New Orleans could never be taken, so I tore them up and threw them into the waste-basket."

The Rev. Mather Byles, of Boston, who preached there in 1776 one fast day effected an exchange with a country clergyman, and each went on horseback to the appointed place. They met by the way, and Dr. Byles no sooner saw his friend approaching than he put spur to his horse and passed him at full gallop. "What is the matter?" cried the other in astonishment: "why so fast, Brother Byles?" Brother Byles shouted over his shoulder, without slackening speed: "It is fast day!" One day, when he was busy in nailing some lists upon his doors to exclude the cold, a parishioner called to him: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, Dr. Byles!" "Yes, sir," replied the doctor, "and man listeth where the wind bloweth." He was once arrested as a Tory, tried, convicted, and sentenced to confinement on board a guard ship, to be sent to England with his family in forty days. A sentinel was placed over him. He was removed, replaced and again removed. "I have been guarded, regarded and disregarded," said the doctor. He spoke humorously of his sentinel as his "observa-Tory." —*Argonaut*.

The Texas Desperado.

The reputation for lawlessness that Texas has among the people of the Northern and Eastern States, is the result of the visits that Texas enjoys from the peaceful but imaginative young man who comes from some virtuous Eastern city to spend the winter for the benefit of his health in Western Texas. Before coming to Texas he has read a good deal of the One-Eye-Zeke-the-Scout, and Dick-the-Desperado sort of literature. Previous to the packing of his trunk he provides himself with some guns, a few revolvers and a large and dangerous bowie knife. The latter he proposes using whenever it may be necessary to cut his way through the jungle, or when fate may put it in his power to rescue some beautiful pale-faced maiden from her Indian captors. He has rehearsed the thing so often in his mind that he knows exactly how the incidents will follow each other in rapid order; how he will steal up on the unsuspecting sons of the forest as they are preparing to torture their victim; how he will rush in on the foe and, first cutting the rawhide thongs that bind the captive, turn, and with his trusty

knife pile up a cord or two of dead Indians; how he will seize the captive maiden, the beautiful Inez de Gondales, daughter of the Spanish hidalgos, and vaulting on the deck of a coal-black mustang, etc., etc., etc.

He tells the boys at home what he is going to do, and he promises that he will bring back scalps, wampum, wigwams, Indian mounds and other bric-a-brac, and present them to his friends as mementoes of his sojourn in Texas. When he arrives in Texas he is disgusted to find schools, faro banks, newspapers, church scandals and other evidences of civilization. To the first man who will buy he sells some of his revolvers and secretly drops his bay knife into a well. He lives a quiet and uneventful life at a boarding-house, where he eats the best of canned goods that the market and his landlady can afford for \$6 a week, and never meets with any more exciting adventure than being arrested and fined for carrying a pistol.

When his father sends him money to buy a railroad ticket he goes back home in the spring, wearing a broad-brimmed hat—which he ostentatiously calls a sombrero—and jangling a huge pair of Mexican spurs at his heels. This is the time when he develops into the noted Texas desperado, about the only desperado Texas can now lay claim to. Before retiring on the first night of his return home he asks his mother to just lay a blanket beside a tree box on the sidewalk, and he will try and borrow an old saddle or a brick for a pillow.

He is so accustomed to sleeping in the open air, he says, that he cannot bear the close confinement of a house. When the boys call around for the scalps, Indian mounds, and things that he promised to bring from Texas, he tells them how he lost, in a border foray, a large Saratoga trunk filled with scalps, and a grippack packed full of wampum and wigwams. Then he gives them a thrilling account of a prairie fire, and how he saved his life by crawling into the inside of a buffalo he had slain until the fire passed over and exhausted itself. After this he recounts a desperate encounter he had with a stage robber, and gives a detailed and hair-curling description of a scene at a lynching, where he got the drop on the crowd and rescued the doomed man. His conversation bristles with profanity and is saturated with gore. Of course there are some lawless and desperate men in Texas; but none of them equal the tenderfoot from the East for cold-blooded ferocity—after he gets back home.

—Texas Siftings.

Biblical Item.

Teacher—What did the children of Israel do after they passed through the Red Sea?

Johnnie Chafis—Dried their clothes, I reckon.

AN AUCTIONEER'S STORY.

Much Exposure Brought On a Severe Attack of Rheumatism.

Bed fast For Weeks at a Time—His Trouble Aggravated By an Outbreak of Saltreum—An Experience of Interest to Others.

From the *Stayer Sun*.

There are few people in Simcoe County who do not know Mr. Thos. Furlong. For twenty-eight years Mr. Furlong has been a resident of the county, and for twenty-two years has been a travelling agent and an auctioneer, and it is safe to say that he is just as popular as he is well known. In a business of this kind Mr. Furlong is naturally exposed to all kinds of weather, and the result has been that for some years past he has been badly crippled with rheumatism and has suffered great pain and inconvenience. Happily, however, Mr. Furlong has found a release from this suffering, and his recovery has excited so much interest in and about Stayner that the *Sun* determined to secure the particulars of his cure and give them for the benefit of others. When seen with regard to this matter, Mr. Furlong expressed the greatest willingness to make public the particulars of his cure in the belief that it might be of benefit to others. There were

"You are of course aware," said Mr. Furlong, "that my calling subjects me to more or less inclement weather, and this was the main cause of my suffering. Some nine years ago I first felt the symptoms of rheumatism. I did not pay much attention to it at first, but gradually it became so severe that it was with difficulty that I could hobble around, and my business really became a burden to me. I consulted several physicians who did all they could for me, but without giving me any relief. During a part of the year I was bedfast for weeks at a time, and as the remedies I tried did me no good I began to believe that there was no cure for me, and you will readily understand how despondent I was. To add to my distress I became afflicted with saltreum of the hands, and had to keep my hands covered with cloths from my ear's end to the other. I had read of some remarkable cures of rheumatism by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and at last I made up my mind to try them, though I was afraid that it was with a doubtful heart, for I had spent a great deal of money for other medicines without obtaining any benefit. However, they say that a drowning man will clutch at a straw, and it was with much of this feeling that I purchased the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before that box was all gone I experienced some relief which warranted me in continuing in treatment, and from that out I steadily progressed toward complete recovery."

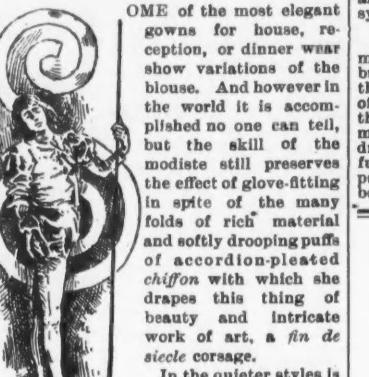
I have used in all eight boxes with the result that I am to date free from pain and ache, and not only did Pink Pills relieve me of the rheumatism, but they also drove out the saltreum, and as you see to day the hands which had been covered with cracks, fissures and scabs are now completely well. This splendid result is due entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and you may be sure that it gives me the greatest pleasure to warmly recommend them to others.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, astasia, Sciatica, neuralgia, headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humor in the blood, such as astrofia, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The Ideaized Blouse.



OME of the most elegant gowns for house, reception, or dinner wear show variations of the blouse. And however in the world it is accomplished no one can tell, but the skill of the modiste still preserves the effect of glove-fitting in spite of the many folds of rich material and softly drooping puffs of accordion-pleated chiffon with which she drapes this thing of beauty and intricate work of art, a *fin de siècle* corsage.

In the quieter styles is

a neat and becoming house blouse made rather

à la Russe, and having the width of its *gigot* sleeves further accentuated by an accordion-pleated frill about the shoulders. The belt and edge of the frill are banded with rows of baby ribbon, and several straps of the same finish

the cuffs and the stock collar. This blouse is handsome in clear red with black ribbons.

An accordion-pleated theater waist of shrimp pink with deep blue velvet straps, and pointed belt and collar of the same, is hung with clusters of iridescent sequins shading through all the peacock-tail colors from indigo to pink. The sleeves are accordion-pleated to the elbows and the long tight forearm sleeve is finished



at the cuff by a band of velvet and sequins. This is a wonderfully effective conceit in waists and is also good in yellow, with bands of black velvet and gold sequins, or in white with cerise bands, unadorned.

Another pretty dinner waist is of yellow chiffon, with bands of black velvet and a *berthe* garniture of pincers in clear yellow with black centers; the sleeves to the elbows are composed of three pleated frills, the lowest of which rests well below the elbow; the bodice is surplice-folded, and boused with wide bands of black velvet. The fabrics for hand-made gowns are of such surpassing richness and beauty that the skirts are often left perfectly plain; but to make up for this an



amount of work is lavished upon the corsage, and especially upon the sleeves, that would formerly have sufficed to make the simple gown. These are not only rigidly tabooed in the street, but they are greatly shortened for full dress. The most elegant carriage and evening gowns have only short demi-trains, sometimes not resting more than two or three inches on the floor; and except when the bride insists upon the old regulation length, even wedding gowns have short trains.

As winter advances party frocks need some freshening. The one-time stately gown is relegated to the less important occasion, and if new ones are not possible, tulle skirts are replaced, foot trimming is furbished up, or gives way to lace or ribbons and vice versa. Ermine has suited to perfection some delicate beauties

and stately women, who keep their *verve* and bloom, but it has not been adopted very generally as it is a most trying and distinctly unsympathetic fur.

An exquisite evening gown is of rose-colored moire antique. The skirt is gored all around, but has a good deal of fullness at the top in the back; the only trimming is a narrow row of sable on the edge of the skirt, which has but a single row of points. The bodice is made of a single width of the silk, which is so draped over a fitted lining as to form also the full puff of the short sleeve; a wide flounce of point lace finishes the sleeves, and the neck is bordered with fur. LA MODE.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc., writes

HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co.

Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case."

Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years,

I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores.

Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last,

my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed and I have not been troubled since.

Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to

remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you



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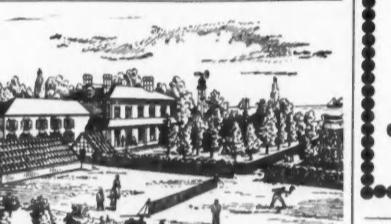
All Sorts and conditions of men smoke the famous Cigars El Padre and La Cadena.

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Whitens the TEETH and Sweetens the Breath

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Don't Delay

Jan. 6, 1894

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

MARJORIE'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacobi's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret," "Under False Pretenses," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

Helen did not usually take night duty, but, as it happened, on that particular night the nurse whose turn it was to sit up was taken seriously ill, and Nurse Drummond was called upon to supply her place. Helen was not sorry. For all her condemnation of Fanny Bellby it was not in her nature to be otherwise than doubly kind to her for the children's sake, perhaps even for Harold Bellby's sake; and she was glad to find herself in a position where she could lavish upon little Fanny's mother the care which she had always longed to bestow upon that more than motherless child. It was in the small hours of the morning when silence prevailed within and without, that Helen, sitting by the sick woman's side, saw that her eyes were open and that there was sense and reason in their gleam. She rose and gave her a cordial, then stooped over her and asked her how she felt.

"I'm very ill, I believe," said the patient humbly. "Are you the nurse?"

"Yes, I am the nurse," said Helen.

They could speak in low tones without being overheard, and without much likelihood of disturbing the other patients, for screens had been placed round the bed, shutting it off from the rest of the ward.

The sick woman looked round with a bewilderment.

"Am I in a room by myself?" she asked.

"You'll stay with me, will you not? I never like to be left alone."

"I will stay with you, and your friends will perhaps come to see you by and by."

"Brumby, I don't want Brumby, and yet—I have no other friends."

"Surely," said Helen gently, "you have relations—people who love you and would come to see you if they knew that you were ill."

"I don't know. I offended everybody. I don't suppose they would come if you asked them. He would never come—and I shouldn't care for anybody else."

"I am sure he would come," Helen whispered.

"Ab, you don't know. You don't understand. Nobody rightly knows but himself and me."

"He is a good, kind man, with a loving heart," said Helen softly. "If you tell him you are sorry you have grieved him he will not be hard on you."

"Do you know him?" said Fanny Bellby with a startled air.

"Yes, I know him a little. Mrs. Brumby told me who you were."

"You know him! And you know how cold and stern he is—how hard it is for him to forgive."

"Oh, no," cried Helen, with her eyes full of tears. "Never hard or cold or stern to those who repeat of wrong doing."

"But I didn't do wrong," said the sick woman in a sharp, offended tone. "I never did anything that I've cause to be ashamed of. I went on the stage and danced—why shouldn't I? Why should he have tried to stop me? It was the only thing I was fit for; and he knew it—knew it when he married me, and spoiled my career!" She flung out one thin hand with a passionate movement of offence, and turned her head away. "I never did anything that he could really find fault with, and I've had tempations enough, heaven knows!"

She spoke in a soft, beautiful tone, as if proud of the danger she had run.

"But," said Helen quietly, "do you not think it was wrong to leave your little children who had nobody but you, and your husband?"

"I did not leave them till I was forced to," she answered suddenly. "He told me to choose—and I chose. He was very much surprised, I believe—with a half-hysterical laugh—"when I chose the stage."

"I should think he was," reflected Helen, who seemed to see, as if with supernatural vividness, the whole course of events—the exasperation of the much tried and irritated man, who had at last put an alternative to his wife from which he thought that there was no appeal, and was bitterly disappointed and amazed to find that she chose the very path which had seemed to him utterly impossible.

"The stage, or your husband and children—what woman in a thousand but would have given up the stage? Fanny Bellby, in utter recklessness and hardness of heart, had chosen to sacrifice her husband and children; and what was still more extraordinary to Helen, she did not seem to see the ill that she had done."

"I loved dancing—I loved acting," said the sick woman, with long breaks between the wilful, petulant little sentences. "What business had he to stop the one thing I cared for? I would go my own way, and they all said I was right, and cried shame on him when he cast me off."

"But your children? Did you not love your children?"

"Little plagues! Why should I love them? He was besotted on them himself—I left them to him. I was glad to get rid of them, and to feel myself in my own world again."

"Then you did not care for your husband?"

"I don't know. I was afraid of him. There was someone else—someone I liked better. Oh, you need not think I ever let him know, or did anything wrong. He asked me to fly with him—but I wouldn't. He was a singer, with the divinest voice. It was something to have been loved by a man like that, but I always said I would not give Harold any handle for a divorce, and I never did. I'm his wife still, as good as anyone else's wife, and I'm not going to bow down to anybody."

The voice was growing weak and excited and Helen tried to quiet her, but this was not an easy matter. After a little enforced silence, however, Fanny Bellby looked at her again and said in a softer voice:

"When did you see them all last?"

"I saw them six months ago."

Helen did not want to say more; she felt as if she could not speak of them to this callous, defiant little dancer, dying although she might be. There seemed no hope of softening that stony heart if it indeed were true that she disliked her own children and loved another better than the husband upon whom Helen Drummond looked as a prince among men.

But Fanny Bellby would not let her be silent. "Are they all alive? All well?"

"I believe so."

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"Yes."

"She has been taught to hate me, I suppose? or perhaps she forgets me altogether!"

"No. Fanny speaks of you with the greatest affection," said Helen. "She has a little portrait of you which she prizes above all her treasures, and I have heard her telling the younger ones how dear you were to her—how pretty and sweet—and plating them for not being able to remember you."

The sick woman's lips twitched, and a light, as of pleasure, came into her sunken blue eyes.

"She remembered I was pretty, did she?"

"No; Fanny told me that she could not speak to him about you because your—your death—was such a grief to him."

"My death! Oh, yes; that think me dead, don't they? Well, it will soon be reality. I suppose I'm not long for this world. Poor little Fanny! I should like—almost—to see Fanny again."

"And your husband? You would like to see him, would you not?" said Helen, adopting almost unconsciously the coaxing tone to which poor Fanny Bellby had been accustomed all her life. But a look of positive terror in

stantly came over the pale little baby face.

"Oh, no, no! I'm afraid; he hates me—he would be so unkind to me."

"I am sure he would not," said Helen earnestly. "And you don't know how he has suffered; it has been a great trouble all these years to have you away from him, and doing what he did not wish you to do. Would you like not to hear him say he forgave you for all that pain you gave him?"

The haggard blue eyes looked at Helen strangely, stubbornly. The words which fell at last upon the white lips were not those that Helen had longed to hear.

"He does not ask me to forgive him!"

She turned her face to the pillow and would say no more; while Helen asked herself anxiously whether she had done well in allowing poor Harold Bellby to be summoned to the dying woman's bedside. She did not wish to see him; and would it not be a still heavier trial to him than any that he had yet undergone, to see her dying in this hard and unpenitent mood—utterly reckless of the pain that she had given him, yet priding herself on the technical virtue which she had preserved, even while bestowing all the affection she had to bestow upon another?

It seemed to her that she could not let Mr. Bellby come quite unprepared upon the scene. She thought that she would see him first—would plead with him, perhaps, to be gentle to the woman who had broken his heart, and not reproach her with any bitterness for her wrongdoing. She remembered that he had spoken of his wife with considerable sternness; and she felt that she would give a great deal to have that opportunity of begging him to be merciful.

But she had no chance of speaking to him when he came. She heard from the house surgeon that the telegram had been received from him, to say that he was coming; then she was called off to other work, from which she could not be spared until nearly twelve o'clock. Then one of the nurses summoned her.

"You'd better go to No. 21," she said. "Mr. Tritton was asking for you. The poor creature's taken worse, I believe, and her husband's come to her."

"I will stay with you, and your friends will perhaps come to see you by and by."

"Brumby, I don't want Brumby, and yet—I have no other friends."

"Surely," said Helen gently, "you have relations—people who love you and would come to see you if they knew that you were ill."

"I don't know. I offended everybody. I don't suppose they would come if you asked them. He would never come—and I shouldn't care for anybody else."

"I am sure he would come," Helen whispered.

"Ab, you don't know. You don't understand. Nobody rightly knows but himself and me."

"He is a good, kind man, with a loving heart," said Helen softly. "If you tell him you are sorry you have grieved him he will not be hard on you."

"Do you know him?" said Fanny Bellby with a startled air.

"Yes, I know him a little. Mrs. Brumby told me who you were."

"You know him! And you know how cold and stern he is—how hard it is for him to forgive."

"Oh, no," cried Helen, with her eyes full of tears. "Never hard or cold or stern to those who repeat of wrong doing."

"But I didn't do wrong," said the sick woman in a sharp, offended tone. "I never did anything that I've cause to be ashamed of. I went on the stage and danced—why shouldn't I? Why should he have tried to stop me? It was the only thing I was fit for; and he knew it—knew it when he married me, and spoiled my career!" She flung out one thin hand with a passionate movement of offence, and turned her head away. "I never did anything that he could really find fault with, and I've had tempations enough, heaven knows!"

She spoke in a soft, beautiful tone, as if proud of the danger she had run.

"But," said Helen quietly, "do you not think it was wrong to leave your little children who had nobody but you, and your husband?"

"I did not leave them till I was forced to," she answered suddenly. "He told me to choose—and I chose. He was very much surprised, I believe—with a half-hysterical laugh—"when I chose the stage."

"I should think he was," reflected Helen, who seemed to see, as if with supernatural vividness, the whole course of events—the exasperation of the much tried and irritated man, who had at last put an alternative to his wife from which he thought that there was no appeal, and was bitterly disappointed and amazed to find that she chose the very path which had seemed to him utterly impossible.

"The stage, or your husband and children—what woman in a thousand but would have given up the stage? Fanny Bellby, in utter recklessness and hardness of heart, had chosen to sacrifice her husband and children; and what was still more extraordinary to Helen, she did not seem to see the ill that she had done."

"I loved dancing—I loved acting," said the sick woman, with long breaks between the wilful, petulant little sentences. "What business had he to stop the one thing I cared for? I would go my own way, and they all said I was right, and cried shame on him when he cast me off."

"But your children? Did you not love your children?"

"Little plagues! Why should I love them? He was besotted on them himself—I left them to him. I was glad to get rid of them, and to feel myself in my own world again."

"Then you did not care for your husband?"

"I don't know. I was afraid of him. There was someone else—someone I liked better. Oh, you need not think I ever let him know, or did anything wrong. He asked me to fly with him—but I wouldn't. He was a singer, with the divinest voice. It was something to have been loved by a man like that, but I always said I would not give Harold any handle for a divorce, and I never did. I'm his wife still, as good as anyone else's wife, and I'm not going to bow down to anybody."

The voice was growing weak and excited and Helen tried to quiet her, but this was not an easy matter. After a little enforced silence, however, Fanny Bellby looked at her again and said in a softer voice:

"When did you see them all last?"

"I saw them six months ago."

Helen did not want to say more; she felt as if she could not speak of them to this callous, defiant little dancer, dying although she might be. There seemed no hope of softening that stony heart if it indeed were true that she disliked her own children and loved another better than the husband upon whom Helen Drummond looked as a prince among men.

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"Forgive me, Harold, before I go!" she gasped; and, in a broken voice, Harold Bellby breathed some words of pardon and of love.

"If God is like you—I shall not be afraid," were the words he next distinguished; but before he could answer, the fleeting gleam of consciousness had vanished, the eyelids closed again over the rapidly glazing eye, and the flicker of life sank down to its lowest ebb.

She died before morning, and then the watchers looked for some burst of sorrow from the man who had nursed her so tenderly; but, after a moment's silent prayer at her bedside, he stood erect and calmly and solemnly pronounced a benediction on the departing soul. But after that last effort his strength seemed to fail him. He staggered and fell out blindly for support, and it was Helen's arm on which he leaned heavily for a moment before the doctors came forward and quietly led him away to take the rest of his refreshment that he needed, and which he had hitherto neglected in that long watch over the last moments of his wife.

Fanny Bellby was buried quietly, a few days later, in a cemetery near London, and the only mourners were her husband, Mrs. Brumby and Helen Drummond. Harold Bellby seemed absorbed in his own grief and his own reflections, but before he took leave of Helen and went back to his country home he said a few words of gratitude to her for the kindness which she had shown to his dead wife.

"And, above all," he said earnestly, "I am grateful to you for telling her that she had no need to be afraid of me; although I fear it was too true that she had reason for her fears."

"I do not believe that," she answered steadfastly, "or if she was afraid it was only because she did not know you. And she found out our mistake at last."

"Thank you. We might have been happier if I had been more gentle. My poor Fanny!"

"She is happy now," said Helen in a low tone.

"She is at rest,"

"Yes. There are very few to remember her, but I think you will keep a kindly memory of her—for the children's sake. Good-bye. Miss Drummond. Again I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"You will give my love to the children," said Helen; and then he went away to catch his train, and Helen turned her face towards the hospital. But she had first to encounter Mrs. Brumby, who was lying in wait to say good-bye.

"I must say that Mr. Bellby showed more feeling than I gave him credit for," was that good lady's remark.

"And more open-handed than he used to be; for he gave me this to cover any expenses I may have had"—and she showed two five-pound notes lying crushed up together within her palm. "Well, poor thing, she did give me trouble now and then, and so did give everybody as come within her reach; but it's over now, and maybe it's the best thing for her to be in her grave, for she did make a sight of mischief while she was alive."

Music.

THE Ninth Annual Convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians was held in the Public Hall of the Normal School on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Owing to the unavoidable absence, through illness and other causes, of a number of the principal supporters of the society, who in past years have furnished much of the debating talent of the organization, the meetings generally lacked the spirit and interest of last season's session. Following the example set by the Incorporated Society of Musicians of England, who purpose considering the plan of holding their annual sessions during Easter vacation instead of Christmas, it was thought that the force of a similar suggestion if applied to this country would at once be evident. Musicians are, perhaps, not less human than members of other professions, and it was felt that the annual sacrificing of Christmas vacation in the interests of the art was growing somewhat burdensome and monotonous, particularly to office holders, whose extra labors at this busy season precluded any thought of recreation or enjoyment. In view of these facts it was decided to hold the next session in Toronto during Easter week, 1895. Certain changes in the constitution of the society, which were decided upon at the recent session, promise to bear good fruit. These, with the fortunate infusion of some new blood, and the renewed determination of older members of the organization to pursue an aggressive policy in the future work of the society, will, I trust, place it upon a solid foundation and enable it to answer the most sanguine hopes of its promoters.

Much credit is due the executive committee for the admirable and attractive programme arranged for this occasion, although the fates seemed to conspire against carrying it out as advertised. The illness of Louis C. Eason of Boston made it necessary to cancel his promised lecture, much to the regret of the members of the society and others who had retained pleasant recollections of his former visit to Toronto. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp's absence through the death of a near relative and an accident to Mr. Aldous of Hamilton deprived the society of an enjoyable piano recital by the former gentleman and the pleasure of hearing Mr. Aldous in the discussion of the essays. Notwithstanding these disappointments, the special musical attractions provided, some on the spur of the moment, proved most delightful and entertaining. Mr. Edward Baxter Perry's piano recital and lecture was particularly enjoyable, as illustrating the possible achievements of the blind in music. Mr. Perry is possessed of considerable technical skill and highly commendable musical instincts. His lectures, or analytical remarks, while somewhat fanciful and speculative, lend to his recitals a unique character which has made them popular throughout the country. As a substitute for Mr. J. D. A. Tripp's recital an excellent programme was contributed by the newly organized Toronto String Quartette, composed of Messrs. Bailey, Anderson, Napolitano and Dinelli, assisted by Madame D'Auria and Miss Miller. The playing of the Quartette, particularly in Haydn's Allegretto Moderato, op. 25 was characterized by a good quality of tone, correct intonation and praiseworthy ensemble generally. An excellent impression was also created in the Gade quartette, op. 63. Madame D'Auria sang original compositions by Sig. D'Auria and J. Lewis Browne respectively, in each instance being accompanied by the composer. In these numbers Madame D'Auria's excellent soprano voice was most effectively used, her efforts being greeted with loud applause. Miss Hillary has seldom sung to better advantage than upon this occasion, her two Lieder being given with charming sentiment and finish. Particular mention should be made of Mr. H. M. Field's recital on the afternoon of the second day. Mr. Field was assisted by Herr Klingenfeld, violinist, Herr Ruth, cellist, and Mr. H. W. Webster, baritone. The pianoforte selections embraced a most comprehensive field of composition for that instrument, and it is sufficient to say that in his various numbers Mr. Field played with all the delicacy of expression and breadth of musical feeling which characterize all his work. The technically more exacting numbers, such as Weber's Menuetto and Liszt's Venezia e Napoli, were played with a brilliancy of execution quite remarkable. Herr Klingenfeld's violin solo presented that gentleman in a most favorable light, the Wieniawski Polonaise being played with a delightful beauty of tone and purity of intonation. The cello solo by Herr Ruth strengthened the good impression this gentleman has already created in the city as an artistic performer upon this instrument. A remarkably rich tone combined with admirable technical proficiency and supported by undeniable artistic feeling, are features of his playing which at once command attention. One of the most enjoyable numbers of this recital was the Raff trio for piano and strings, op. 112, a charming and strikingly original composition, of which the slow movement and the finale are veritable gems. Pleasing variety was lent the programme by Mr. H. W. Webster's two vocal solos. Mr. Webster was in excellent form and sang with much taste and effect Loewe's Der Neuk and a characteristic song by Tagliafico. A further word of praise is also due Mr. Field for his artistic accompaniments.

Two essays were contributed, one by Mr. A. S. Vogt on Wagner, the other an interesting paper on Church Music by Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, F. R. C. O., Mus. Bac., Oxon. The essayist on Wagner, after mentioning the influences which led the great Bayreuth master to adopt the operatic art-form as his medium of musical expression, drew attention to the fact that the most important development of music as an art, in the future, seemed likely to be achieved in this field of composition. Criticism of Wagner's works on grounds of complexity and supposed lack of melody were compared with similar adverse comment by leading critics of another epoch against the works of Mozart and Beethoven. It was also shown that the undeniably popularity of Wagner's works, with all classes of people, wherever they have had a fair hearing, was in direct

contradiction to the statement sometimes made that his music appeals to the educated few only. In Mr. Aldous' absence his paper, bearing on this discussion, was read by Mr. Harrison. Mr. Aldous' exceptions to Wagner's inspirations were based on an assumed lack of melody in his works, in proof of which Mark Twain was quoted and the opinion that his music appeals but to a certain class.

Mr. Anger's paper was an admirable and concise presentation of facts concerning the gradual development of church music from ancient times to the present. After tracing the history of this important branch of the art through different periods, Mr. Anger expressed the opinion that in Mendelssohn church music reached the zenith of its glory. In the absence of anyone to discuss this instructive essay, no further comments were made bearing on the subject. The convention closed with an enjoyable reception and concert at the hall of the Academy of Arts. The programme, which was attractive and agreeably varied, consisted of piano solos by Mr. J. Baxter Perry, vocal solos by Mr. Harold Jarvis, and recitations by Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., and Mr. E. Jarvis. All of these artists gave unbounded satisfaction in their various selections and were the recipients of much genuine applause. Refreshments and dancing followed the literary and musical programme, the gathering dispersing at about midnight.

The election of officers for 1894-95 resulted as follows: President (by acclamation), Mr. J. E. P. Aldous; vice-president, Mr. E. Fisher, Toronto; secretary, Miss Denzil, Toronto; treasurer, Mr. W. E. Fairclough. General representatives—Mr. E. Fisher, Mr. V. P. Hunt, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp and Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. Representatives of cities—Toronto, Mr. A. S. Vogt; Hamilton, Mr. R. S. Ambrose; Ottawa, Miss B. Christie; London, Mrs. F. J. Moore; St. Catharines, Miss Vanderburg; Kingston, Mr. A. E. Fisher; Brantford, Mr. J. Morton Boyce; St. Thomas, Mr. J. H. Jones; Stratford, Mrs. Pendergrast. The retiring president, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, is entitled to every praise for the plucky and energetic manner in which, under many discouragements and, at the last moment, unexpected drawbacks, the meetings were rendered profitable and enjoyable to all who attended.

The excellent success achieved by our Toronto Ladies' Quartette in Montreal several weeks ago has been repeated in Ottawa, where the club sang at a *musical* given at Government House on December 20. The large and brilliant assemblage which was entertained by the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen on this occasion gave many manifestations of delight at the refined singing of the Quartette, as well as the solos which were sung by Madame D'Auria and Mrs. Wilson-Lawrence, Miss Bridgland and Miss Miller. Encores were numerous and the press notices received were particularly favorable. Extracts from the Montreal *Gazette*, *Star* and *Herald* also indicate a gratifying success for the soloists at their concert in Windsor Hall, these papers being unanimous as to the excellence of their work. I understand that the Quartette is contemplating giving a concert in the city at an early date in connection with some strong foreign attraction. This will be one of the interesting events of the season and should be well patronized.

The Minneapolis *Tribune*, in referring to Signor Vega's presentation of Der Freyshutz in that city some time since, before his removal to Toronto, says: "There is no contorting the fact that it requires courage and confidence on the part of an experienced artist to undertake grand opera productions with amateur talent." Signor Vega has that courage, and, moreover, he made a signal success of the experiment. It was a pronounced success. It was a delightful entertainment and deserving of the large house it attracted. The same paper also speaks in flattering terms of the work of Signor Vega's pupils in the principal roles of the opera. A similar successful presentation of Verdi's II Trovatore in Montreal under Signor Vega's direction adds additional interest to the projected performance of Der Freyshutz in this city by his pupils, assisted by an adequate orchestra, with additional elaborate preparations in costuming and scenery.

Miss Fannie Edgar Thomas of New York, who is at present touring through Europe, has been contributing a series of most interesting letters to the New York *Musical Courier* concerning her musical experiences in the principal organ lofts of Paris. The broad minded spirit shown by leading French organists as indicated in the accounts of interviews held with them, is in delightful contrast to the narrow-souled disposition too often met with in professional musicians, in whom personal jealousies and unfortunate national prejudices are frequently developed to an abnormal extent. Miss Thomas has met Guilmant, Widor, Dubois, Salomé, Dallier, St. Saens and other prominent French organists whose works have been the salvation of modern organ music. The high estimate in which American organists and students are held in France is a most gratifying compliment to the artistic spirit pervading the republic to the south of us. The following remarks of M. Dubois will be read with interest as illustrating a broad and cultured mind: "I admire the earnestness of Americans. The new Russian school is of much value, of more color and effect, perhaps, than intrinsic characterization. Germany is the center of symphony and orchestration. It is the best home of music. All nations are indebted to it. As for me, I love it." M. Dubois also spoke well of several American composers, including Mr. Chadwick of Boston, and affectionately mentioned Mr. Couture of Montreal. The genial Guilmant speaks of his trinity in music as "Bach, Beethoven and Wagner." All of the noted French organists seem delighted at M. Guilmant's American successes, and it is hoped lovers of organ music on this side of the Atlantic may soon be enabled to hear others of the shining lights of the brilliant organ-world now existing in the gay French capital.

Mr. Paul Henneberg, a capable musician, who recently accepted an engagement in Win-

nipeg as the director of the Orchestral Society of that city, has been doing his work so well as to arouse the jealous resentment of older established musicians whose envy is finding expression in reflections on his professional character. The good old motto of "Live and let live" seems to be troubling several worried Winnipeggers as much as it affects some chronically narrow-souled musicians in Toronto. This was evidenced a few months ago in a silly and clumsy, as well as unprovoked, attack upon an earnest and successful class of musicians in our midst which found a medium for publication in a doubtful sheet, since defunct. The disclosures subsequently made concerning those who had a hand in the transparent tirade would make interesting and amusing reading. Such unworthy tactics generally react upon the perpetrators and investigators thereof and should be regarded with feelings of Christian charity and sympathy by those whom they are intended to injure.

It is considered doubtful if Herr Fauré, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will be re-engaged for next season. The good people of the Hub are evidently missing the fire and magnetism of Herr Nikisch, and it is probable that a man of his school, such as Weingartner or Richard Strauss, would fill the bill to better advantage.

The Damrosch Orchestra muddle has been straightened out by a compromise in which Mr. Damrosch gives and takes sufficiently to enable both parties to the trouble to resume their season's work without loss of self respect or public esteem.

Arma Senka, which is the assumed name of Miss Susie Ryan, formerly of this city, has been singing with great success in the larger Eastern American cities. New York and Philadelphia papers speak of her as the possessor of a remarkable contralto voice of great power and purity, and also refer in complimentary terms to her general musical gifts and artistic culture.

Moderato.

(For other Musical Notes see page 6.)

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Commercial Travelers' Dinner.

There is probably no class of our citizens amongst whom there is so much of the feeling of comradeship as exists amongst that influential body known as commercial travelers. This is always exemplified when any special call is made that appeals to their sympathies. One of the oldest and most popular men on the road, Mr. Robt. B. Linton, who was also a charter member of the association, has recently had the misfortune to lose the sight of both eyes. The knowledge of this fact at once suggested to a few of his friends, on their return from their fall trips to spend the Christmas vacation at home, the propriety of expressing in some tangible way their feelings of regard for Mr. Linton. A complimentary concert was proposed and action taken at once, with most gratifying results. The leading vocal and instrumental talent of the city promptly offered to co-operate, so that the committee in a very few days disposed of more tickets than the Pavilion could accommodate. On Friday of last week the committee met in the association's rooms at the close of the annual meeting to receive the secretary-treasurer's report, which showed the total receipts to be the handsome sum of \$1432.68, and the very small disbursement for all expenses of \$101.70, leaving a surplus of \$1330.98. The statement was also made that two hundred tickets had been distributed among the various charitable institutions of the city, thus affording to many who rarely get a chance to spend a pleasant musical evening an opportunity of enjoying themselves heartily. As soon as the result was known Mr. Linton was let into the room, amidst the applause of his *confreres*, and was seated at the right of the chairman. Mr. Chas. H. Murdoch, one of the promoters and chairman of the committee, then welcomed Mr. Linton, and in an unusually neat and feeling address tendered him a marked cheque for \$1,330.98 as a token of the regard and sympathy entertained towards him by his old contemporaries. Mr. Linton was evidently overcome by his feelings and with great emotion acknowledged his appreciation of the New Year's gift. It was announced that a few of Mr. Linton's friends intended to entertain him for a couple of hours in the evening at Harry Morgan's Merchants' restaurant. At 8.30 a very representative gathering assembled in the upper dining-room, every chair being occupied, mine host maintaining his reputation as a caterer by providing a most *recherche* menu, which was done ample justice to. Mr. Murdoch made an ideal chairman, presiding with dignity and giving a series of little speeches in excellent taste. The Commercial Travelers' Association has evidently got amongst its members not only the talent to provide Toronto with a new Mayor, but also to supply the Province with its M.P.P.'s for some years to come. Mr. Fred Cameron occupied the vice-chair. Among those present were: Messrs. R. H. Gray, W. Brondson, T. Bryne, J. Nichols, Jas. Taylor, Fred Butler, Harry Goodwin, John Orr, W. H. Smith, W. Harper, J. Davaney, H. Allworth, John Gilbert, press representatives and others. The usual loyal toasts were proposed and heartily responded to. The guest, Mr. Linton, responded to that toast in a very appropriate manner. The committee, desirous to recognize the active services of their secretary, took this opportunity of presenting him with a valuable gold-headed cane, having the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. A. O. Hurst by the R. B. Linton Concert Committee, Christmas, 1893." Mr. Hurst, although taken completely by surprise, acknowledged the compliment in a very graceful little speech. The whole proceedings were a gratifying success and must be a source of pleasure to all connected with them.

A Curious Church Notice.

It happened in one of the hill dales, and the church in which it occurred is localized to this day. Upon one memorable occasion the clerk gave notice to the assembled worshippers to the following effect: "There'll be nee service in this church for m'appen a matter of four weeks, as parson's hen is sitting in th' pulpit."

SPECIAL MUSICAL SERVICE IN

CHURCH OF REDEEMER

Wednesday Evening, January 10

Nell W. Gade's Cantata, CHRISTMAS EVE
SOLOISTS—Mrs. Frank Lander, Contralto, Hanlilton; Miss H. E. Lee, Miss H. Lee, Mr. Fred Lee and Mr. Walter H. Robinson, Tenor. Soloists. Collection at the door. Service commences at 8 o'clock

BURTON'S ORCHESTRA
Now ready for Engagements. Concerts, Balls and Parties. Address—WILLIAM H. BURTON, 381 Yonge Street. Telephone 199.

Early In the Spring

We shall be busy with orders for the new Carpet and Curtain requirements of refurnished and newly-furnished homes, and our preparations for the season are made on our usual large scale.

During our annual stock-taking we come across quite a variety of stuffs for furnishings which we do not care to carry over, and this assortment contains some very choice goods at prices far below real value.

FOSTER & PENDER

14 and 16 King Street East, Toronto.

RENREW'S GREAT... REMOVAL SALE

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF FINE FURS



Must be sold within the next thirty days, before removing to our new premises

No. 5 King St. East

We are now offering our goods away down, therefore don't miss the opportunity of getting great bargains. Special lines in Ladies' Seal Skin Jackets, Fur Lined Garments, Shoulder Capes, Muffs, &c., Gentlemen's Fur Lined Overcoats, Caps, Gauntlets, Sleigh Robes, &c.

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The Largest Stock and Finest Assortment in the Dominion

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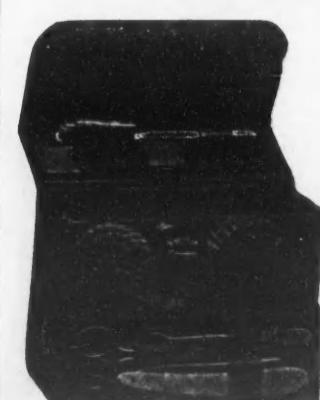


H. E. CLARKE & CO.

105 King Street West

New Year's Presents

Toilet Bags
Dressing Cases
Card Cases
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Brush and Comb Sets
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Gladstone Bags
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RIGGS' MODERN DENTISTRY
We employ only the very latest and best approved methods and appliances in all our dental operations. Our work in gold filling, crowning, and bridging is distinguished for its fine beauty and great durability.
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Over the same G. F. R. Office.

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DENTIST
Central Dental Parlor, N. W. cor. Spadina & Queen Sts.
Special attention paid to painless operating. Toronto.

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Graduate and Medalist of Royal College of Dental Surgeons
86 Yonge Street, near King
Special attention given to the preservation of the natural teeth.

DR. CHAS. J. RODGERS, Dentist
Oddfellows' Building, cor. Yonge & College Sts.
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DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER DENTISTS
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Consultation Hours—11 a.m. to 2 p.m., 6 to 8 p.m.
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TORONTO, Ont. STRATFORD, Ont.
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SPECIAL GOUIN FRENCH SERIES METHOD

MRS. JENNIE DREWRY, M.E.L., lately returned from Europe, comes prepared to teach French in this new and improved system, so fully described by Mr. Stead in *Review of Reviews*. This method is destined to supersede all old systems. The secret of its success lies in the fact that the language is conveyed through the EYE, the proper organ of language, instead of through the EAR as formerly taught. No text books used. Classes are now being formed at the College of Music, Pembroke Street, where all desirous of taking a course are requested to register without delay. Further particulars may be obtained at the College, or

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DANCING Infinitely superior to any known method.

MA. TH. DP. PU. DR. ST.
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This is a dictionary of abbreviated English technical terms, devised and successfully used by PROF. JOHN F. DAVIS, for the purpose of intelligently explaining every known dance of Society. Simple and easily understood. Six private or twelve class lessons fill the bill. Payment in full term. Next lesson (\$1.00) not forming Juvenile or term. Ladies (dinner). Ladies (dinner). gentlemen (evening). Private lessons as may be agreed upon. Experience with over 17,000 pupils. Wilton Avenue (102) and Mutual Street. Transfer to Oberlin Street cars.

DELSARTE COLLEGE OF ORATORY
FRANCIS JOSEPH BROWN, PRESIDENT.
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Largest and most advanced School of Oratory in Canada.
DEPARTMENTS—School of Voices Culture, School of Physical Culture, School of Dramatic Art, School of Belles Lettres. Fall Term September 12.
For Catalogue address Francis Joseph Brown, care of Y. M. C. A., Toronto, Ont.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL
Mr. Magill begs to announce the removal of his
SCHOOL FOR JUNIOR BOYS

to 45 Bloor Street East. The new school is now open to receive a limited number of Boarding and Day pupils.
W. MAGILL, 45 Bloor Street East.

MONSARRAT HOUSE
Classic Ave., Toronto.
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies
MISS VENNOR, Principal
(Late Trebover House, London, Eng.)

SCHOOL RE-OPENS JANUARY 10
A thorough course of instruction will be given in English, Mathematics and Modern Languages. Pupils prepared for University examinations. Classes in Swedish. Carving will also be held twice a week.
For terms and prospectus apply to Principal.

KINDERGARTEN—COLLEGE ST.
Miss Webb's Private Class will re-open Tuesday, January 2d, at 9:30 Room 11 N. W. cor. College and Spadina.

MISS COUEN Teacher of China Painting
Special attention given to orders.
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All Society Dances taught in one term. Classes forming for ladies or gentlemen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Private pupils per appointment. Call or send for prospectus.

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HOLIDAY FOOTWEAR

Slippers for Gents in Great Variety. Style and fit perfect. Best American makes. Prices to suit all. Slippers for Ladies in Satin and Silk. All sizes. Moderate prices. Comfort for ladies and Children in Jersey Leggings. Fine American Overshoes and Embroidery a specialty.

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Social and Personal.

The Wednesday afternoon reception at Government House was both brilliant and interesting. Faces were there which only smile on us during holiday week and several serious men of affairs whom duty or absence debarred from the New Year's visit, paid on Wednesday their respects to the Lieutenant Governor and his lady. Among the callers were: Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout, Miss Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Forrester, Mrs. Theodore King, Mrs. and Miss Moss, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henderson, the Misses Montizambert, Mr. and Mrs. W. Lount, Major Buchan, Mrs. Kerr Osborne, Mrs. Alfred Cameron and Miss Walker, Mrs. Sutton, Miss Harris, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Eber Ward, Messrs. Forrester, Laurie, Benedict, Cockburn, Mitchell, Thomas, McLean and a very large number of others.

Mr. Colin H. Campbell of Winnipeg spent a few days in the city last week, the guest of Mr. W. B. Smith of 90 Wellesley street.

Mrs. W. N. Irwin, nee Carter, is visiting her parents at Picton.

Holiday entertainments for young people, even very young people, are generally confined to the display of a Christmas tree, the usual games and a turn of Sir Roger or a set of Lancers. Mr. Barlow Cumberland has for years changed the routine by providing an enchanted group of youngsters with an excellent Punch and Judy show. This year was as usual and the young people had a delightful evening. The surroundings all spoke of Christmas tide; the pictures from various Christmas numbers, wreathed with evergreens and holly, the bounteous good cheer, the delighted children and the cleverly managed show were all eloquent of the festive season.

The New Year's Eve reunion of Les Hiboux, last week, was quite an original affair, which had some features worthy of description. The hostess, Miss Ellis, requested each of her guests to wear some badge or symbol of their favorite amusement or "fad." The "fad" party, which, by the way, was invented and described by Miss Alice Thompson in a recent Philadelphia magazine, was both amusing and interesting. The hostess confessed her weakness for travel by wearing a tiny railroad engine; Mr. Bourlier, one of the quartette who founded the club, was a musical fiddist; Miss Howson and her artist teacher, Mr. Forster, wore palette and brushes; Mr. Mason, whose pretty songs were noticed in the music column recently, wore a tiny gold violin; Mr. Catto, who has done marvelous things in amateur photography, was adorned with a camera in miniature; Mrs. Fox wore a tiny silver skate; her husband, who doubtless has reasons, wore a device of couple of carpet tacks, with "smaller city" printed over them. Here was a fish, caught on a silver hook: there a pair of crossed oars. Mr. Frank Benjamin, an expert player, sported a tennis racquet and ball, in gold and very diminutive. It is rather a pity that Miss Thompson was out of town and had not the pleasure of seeing her idea so well carried out. I am told that she and her elder sister are enjoying to the utmost their Montreal visit and will be home next week.

The date of Mrs. Charles Gooderham's dance has been postponed and the second date not yet decided.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gregory of Nova Scotia have taken Dr. Baldwin's furnished residence for the winter, 46 Avenue road.

The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick entertained a number of friends at dinner on Monday evening.

Mrs. A. S. Wigmore of Bernard avenue is in London, Ont., and the press of that city speak highly of her singing and solo work in the Memorial church there last Sunday, as well as the Christmas Day services.

The Honorable member for Longford was one of the callers at Government House on Monday. Mr. Blake looks remarkably well.

A regularly expected New Year's gathering is that entertained by Professor Ellis of Toronto University. The first night of 1894 witnessed as merry and as happy a function as usual.

Among the holiday guests was Mrs. Stuart of Chicago, who has spent some time with Col. and Mrs. Sweny.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr have given several delightful dinner parties during the holidays.

A series of German teas have been given for some Thursdays. Miss Hill, Mrs. Meldrum, and on Thursday of this week Miss Harris of Beverley street were the hostesses. I believe Mrs. Alken of College street will give the next tea.

The Misses Shanly gave a tea for young people on Wednesday.

A very enjoyable dance was given by the Misses Logan of Strachan avenue on Thursday.



A Common Error.
Chocolate & Cocoa
are by many supposed
to be one and the
same, **only** that one
is a powder, (hence more easily cooked,) and
the other is not.

This is wrong—
TAKE the Yolk from the Egg,
TAKE the Oil from the Olive,
What is left?

A Residue. So with COCOA.

In comparison,
COCOA is Skimmed Milk,
CHOCOLATE, Pure Cream.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
CHOCOLAT MENIER
ANNUAL SALES EXCEED
80 MILLION POUNDS.



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CLEARING PRICES IN

- Dress Goods
- Silks and Sateens
- Mantles
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- Ready-Made Clothing
- Furs, Hats and Caps
- Gents' Furnishings
- Boots and Shoes
- Toys and Fancy Goods

R. WALKER & SONS

Miss Logan, assisted by her sister, Miss Alice Logan, made a charming young hostess. Miss Logan wore Nile green with white satin trimming, while her sister was daintily arrayed in cream. Among those present were: Mrs. Taggart, who wore a becoming gown of white silk with pearl trimming; Mrs. Rupert Simpson of Glen road wore a rich heliotrope gown; Miss Massey was gowned in black gauze trimmed with yellow baby ribbon; Miss Louise Brown looked charming in a white gown with black satin ribbon; Miss Mills wore a becoming dress of yellow, while her sisters wore gowns of cream and heliotrope respectively; Miss Lumbers wore green with shot silk sleeves of a contrasting color; Miss Coop wore blue silk, while her sister, Miss Georgie, was in pink gauze; Miss May wore black silk, with white silk trimming; Miss Cosgrave was in blue. Among the gentlemen present were: Messrs. Taggart, Simpson, Lamont, Russel, Williams, Stronger, Dineen, Smallpiece, W. P. Lumbers, Geo. Baker, Farley, May, Lawler, Burns, Green and Darby.

Mrs. Lount received this week, having recovered from her severe influenza.

Mr. Brough of Pembroke is on a visit to friends in town.

The Misses Parsons of Queen's park gave an informal tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald will entertain at dinner on the 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander's dinner party on Wednesday evening was a delightful affair. A very pleasant party of people assembled about their hospitable board, among whom were: Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Stevenson, Major Cosby and Mr. J. Herbert Mason.

Language clubs are this winter's fad, and a more useful and refining fad does not usually possess us. The two French clubs are overbalanced by three German clubs, the latest of which is but in its infancy. The *nouveau-ne* is being formed under the direction of Fraulein Pauline Holtermann.

I am sorry to hear that Miss Nordheimer has been obliged to forego many engagements for the past ten days, as she has been quite indisposed.

Miss Beardmore's juvenile bridesmaids, Misses Connie and Erie Temple and her nieces, Misses Helen and Pearly Macdonald, will wear white dresses, black velvet hats and black silk stockings, in accordance with the latest New York fashion. Miss Beardmore's trousseau is said by those who have had the good fortune to see it to contain everything necessary for a complete bridal outfit that the New York shops could supply or good taste dictate.

Miss Elsie Keefer had a very enjoyable

juvenile dance at her mother's (Mrs. Thomas Delamere) residence on Friday night.

The Misses Harris of Beverley street entertained a number of friends at a whist party on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Louise Markscheffel, the clever society editor of the Toledo *Sunday Journal*, and Mrs. Frank Wanzer of Hamilton were visiting in the city on Thursday.

Mrs. James A. Paterson of Peterborough spent Christmas week with her father, Mr. Bemister of Elgin avenue.

Miss Rose McConvey of Buffalo is visiting the city.

Mrs. R. C. LeVesconte will be At Home to her friends at 532 Sherbourne street on Mondays.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Alice Ida Melita Powell of Wellington place and Mr. Walter Edwin Meharg at St. John's church, Portland street, on Saturday, January 20, at 2.45 p. m., to be followed by a reception at 44 Wellington place.

Mr. A. H. Broderick of Ottawa spent the holidays with Mr. Pilon of Beverley street.

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